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## OBSERVATIONS

ON ELECTRICITY, LOOMING, AND SOUNDS: TOGETHER WITH A THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

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It is observable in almost every operation of nature, that all fluids possess strong aggregating properties; or in other words, powerful propensities to accumulate in large masses or bodies. This fact is so familiar in the element of water, as well as in the extensive collections of vapor, which are soon embodied into clouds, that it is only necessary to make a mere allusion to them. That the same principle governs in relation to the element of electricity or fire, I presume to be no less true. The nature and properties of the sun itself, so far as they are understood, may be deemed conclusive on this point. This mighty object, the instrument of light and life, is evidently an aggregation of all the vital principle of heat that belongs to our system; though it is now well understood, that this 'ocean of flame' is not a mere collection of fire, as has been supposed, but is connected with inconceivably large masses of materials of a very solid nature. From this vast mass, most copious streams are incessantly poured upon the planets. This is well known to be indispensable to the very existence of animal and vegetable life. Perhaps, too, it is as much a primary law in the government and movements of the planets themselves, as in the propagation and preservation of animal and vegetable existence. Without the constant exercise of this most potent agency, the earth could neither be clothed with verdure, nor could there be support for the nameless tribes of living beings that inhabit it.

As we approach the summer solstice, we find the earth profusely charged with heat; but it becomes much more intense afterward, in consequence of the great increase. To counteract an influence so universally predominant and strong that, were it to continue, would soon prove overwhelming, some energetic reacting principle or agent in the system was required, in order to produce a salutary corrective: for it was both a wise and an indispensable provision in nature, to ordain a permanent law that should afford the requisite relief from its enervating and pernicious pressure. Without the help of some active principle of this kind, it were scarcely necessary to say, there could be no duration of life or health. Animal and vegetable existence would soon be extinguished. Every thing, in short, would perish; and in place of that splendor and beauty which

every where present themselves to the enchanted eye, the face of creation would be parched, withered, and consumed.

That incomprehensible wisdom which guides and balances creation, of which we are destined to know nothing but from its effects, leaves no part of its works imperfect or unfinished. The same creative power has therefore ordained, that the superabundance of that element which, without some different disposition, would lead to the annihilation of all life, and of every vegetative germ, shall be made the great means of preserving both. And the more we enter into an examination of those laws and operations of nature which appear so wonderful, and which in many parts are so inscrutable, the more are we astonished and charmed in contemplating their well adjusted harmony and surprising beauty.

That the immense portion of heat which pervades the earth in the warm season is, from its *inherent properties*, constantly aggregating in numberless masses of various dimensions, there does not remain in my mind the smallest doubt. And what else is the electricity that is produced by art, and made to issue from a machine, but a simple collection or multiplication of that sustaining or animating principle, drawn suddenly to a point by some strong attractive property?

To this inherent principle alone, I conceive, may be traced the origin and existence of those bodies of unusual heat, of which Mr. Jefferson, in his celebrated Notes on Virginia,\* makes mention, and which are so frequently felt by curious observers in the summer months. That enlightened philosopher did not attempt to explain either the cause of their formation, or what he supposed to be their ultimate end and use. I propose, but with all becoming deference, to offer my opinions in relation to both. And since nothing is known to exist that does not bear the impress of unequivocal design, and with a manifest tendency to usefulness, it cannot be deemed an irrational speculation to trace to some important end, the origin, design, and purpose of their formation.

I have witnessed these warm moving bodies in almost numberless instances. They were familiar to me in my early life, my residence then being near the foot of a ridge of very considerable elevation in the eastern part of Dutchess county; and the supposition follows that they are familiar to many others. At the same time, I am led to believe, that those who reside in elevated situations, have few op-

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\* 'Gone out into the open air, in the temperate and in the warm months of the year, we often meet with bodies of warm air, which, passing by us in two or three seconds, do not afford time to the most sensible thermometer to seize their temperature. Judging from my feelings only, I think they approach the ordinary heat of the human body. Some of them perhaps go a little beyond it. They are of about twenty or thirty feet diameter horizontally. Of their height we have no experience, but probably they are globular volumes, wafted or rolled along by the wind. But whence taken, where formed, or how generated? They are not to be ascribed to volcanoes, because we have none. They do not happen in the winter, when the farmers kindle large fires in clearing up their grounds. They are not confined to the spring season, when we have fires which traverse whole counties, consuming the leaves which have fallen from the trees. And they are too frequent and general to be ascribed to accidental fires. I am persuaded their cause must be sought for in the atmosphere itself; to aid us in which, I know but of these constant circumstances; a dry air, a temperature as warm at least as that of the spring or autumn; and a moderate wind. They are most frequent about sunset; rare in the middle part of the day; and I do not recollect ever having met with them in the morning.'

*Notes on Virginia.*

portunities of meeting with them; while those who are much employed in smooth grounds in a valley, will often remark them. For this, I think a very satisfactory reason may be given. Their specific gravity must necessarily carry them to the lower grounds, even supposing some of them to have been formed in higher parts; though I think it very doubtful if any are produced in such places. I suppose the fact to be, that aggregation takes place more easily and more rapidly in an open country, or at the foot of high hills, where the land is level and well cleared, owing to the increased quantity of heat that is presumed to be deposited there, and the greater equality of the ground. Experience sufficiently shows, that an intense degree of heat will prevail in a valley, or over a plain, when the tops of high ridges are found to be comparatively cool.

Of the truth of the fact that these mysterious bodies are mostly formed in low grounds, I feel thoroughly persuaded; for as often as I have ascended the side of the ridge just mentioned, which was in almost numberless instances after the sun had disappeared, I have no recollection that I ever came in contact with one of them. They are most commonly felt in a warm evening after a sultry day, about sunset, as Mr. Jefferson states, or soon after, and invariably when the wind is from the south or south-west. The power of the sun being then withdrawn, and the air being somewhat cooled, these warm moving bodies make a more sensible impression upon the observer when he meets with them. I have sometimes encountered several in the course of an afternoon and early in the evening; but more frequently in a meadow than in any other place. They appear to me to be infallible precursors of a thunder-storm, which usually happens on the succeeding afternoon or evening.

From the frequency of these bodies, during the most oppressive part of the summer, (and I believe they are seldom met with in any other season,) I am led to believe, that if a line of men were placed across a piece of low and level ground, for the extent of a quarter or half a mile, supposing it to have a north and south direction, with instructions to notice the state of the atmosphere, imagining a gentle current of air from the south, they would find them very numerous. It is not to be supposed they are all of equal magnitude; I presume they are of various sizes; though it has always appeared to me, that those which seemed largest, seemed also to contain the highest portion of heat. Not only do I feel well persuaded of this fact, but I think the conclusion warranted from the nature and properties of the bodies themselves.

I deem it proper to remark in this place, as it goes far in my mind to corroborate the hypothesis I have assumed, and at the same time is in itself a circumstance not a little remarkable, that I have never in the course of my life met with one of these warm bodies either immediately succeeding a thunder-storm, or yet for some time afterward. The plain reason I suppose to be this: they have been removed by the combined operation of the elements; and in their removal, a law is fulfilled that is not only indispensable in the economy of nature, but in the highest degree beneficial in many of her movements. The atmosphere is then no longer charged with a burdensome portion of heat; but from the fierce concussions that have

taken place, it is rendered serene, delightful, and healthful. This brings me more immediately to the point which I have in view, and which it is my present purpose to explain, namely, *the common phenomenon of electricity issuing in profuse and splendid streams from the clouds.*

That electricity should exist in a considerable degree, even if it exist at all, in mere vapor, or in the higher or colder regions of the atmosphere, I believe to be a most manifest absurdity. Since showers of hail are common, we want no farther evidence of the intense cold which prevails in the higher regions; and it is utterly repugnant to common sense, to imagine that electricity can be engendered or preserved among masses of congealed and congealing water.

Whenever the atmosphere becomes loaded with a heavy portion of vapor, the formation of clouds is the natural consequence; and being constantly kept in motion by currents of air, they soon magnify to an unknown extent of surface and depth. As the higher parts must necessarily communicate with those regions which are attended with extreme cold, and as their weight must often press them very near to the earth, it follows as a thing of course that their influence becomes both extensive and powerful.

The efforts of nature to keep up a general equilibrium in all her movements, are pretty well understood. These efforts in equalizing heat and cold, are familiar to most people. The cool air constantly rushing through crevices into a tight room made warm, sufficiently illustrates this point; a reference, however, to the operation of an air-furnace, shows it more conclusively. Whenever, therefore, a very extended body of dense vapor is put in motion, and sweeps over the earth, being borne along, as is frequently the case, by strong currents of cold air, I think it fair to presume, that it must attract to itself an immense portion of the heat that is spread over its surface. To my mind, nothing is more evident than this simple process; for I think the conclusion follows irresistibly, that those numerous bodies of heat which are floating on the surface of the ground, are drawn forcibly into the mass of cold vapor; and the instant they come in contact with the colder and denser parts, being first much compressed, they explode, producing the usual phenomena of vivid lightning and loud peals of thunder. The difference in the force and duration of explosions, I ascribe to the difference in the magnitude of these bodies of heat. Beside, in their ascent into the clouds, it seems quite probable that in many instances a junction of several may take place. In such cases, it is reasonable to suppose the concussion becomes proportionally tremendous. But I do not restrict my view in relation to this point solely to those moving bodies; for the belief forces itself very strongly upon my mind, that the influence of an immeasurably large body of cold vapor, moving with resistless force through the atmosphere, attracts to itself, in masses or currents, all the redundant portion of heat that remains upon the surface of the ground. These masses, or currents, or by whatever name they may be called, are operated upon so forcibly, that they must very soon become completely aggregated bodies; that, in their ascent into the clouds, they are subject to the same operative effects, and produce the same consequences, that are ascribed to the bodies of

heat which have already undergone review. Indeed, the supposition appears to my mind not unreasonable, that these latter bodies occasion even a fiercer concussion among the elements than the others, for the reason that they are perhaps larger, and therefore contain within themselves a higher degree of heat.

This I take to be the natural and true source of those wonderful displays of the electric property, that emanate in such surprising quantities from heavily condensed vapor, driven by strong winds, which, beyond all doubt, originate in high and cold regions.

From the united effect of these operations, the influence of which must be inconceivably great, springs that extraordinary change in the disposition and character of the atmosphere which commonly succeeds, and which is at once so grateful and even so necessary to the existence, health, and comfort of the whole animal and vegetable creation. The air, as before remarked, is made elastic, pure, and salubrious, imparting fresh spirits and vigor to every living thing, whether animate or inanimate. The earth is relieved from the great mass of heat that was spread over it, and which, were it of long continuance, would become altogether insupportable. The air by means of it would be rendered unfit for respiration, and life could not be sustained.

In a few instances I have met with these bodies of warm air in the forenoon; but this is not common. I recollect an instance several years since, in which I had occasion to pass Hudson's river, opposite the city, early in the day. When we were near the Jersey shore, in an open boat, it being about eight o'clock in the morning, with a gentle breeze from the south-west, the day very sultry, we passed through two of these bodies of warm air, which were quite near each other. They seemed to be uncommonly large, and were of such an extraordinary degree of warmth, as to attract the notice of all the passengers. I think they were marked with a higher portion of heat than any I ever recollect to have noticed. About the hour of five or six in the afternoon, a fierce tempest came over the city, and the clouds discharged a large quantity of hail, attended with a more than ordinary emission of the electric property. Many of the hail-stones were as large as ounce balls.

It becomes unnecessary to remark, because the fact is familiar to us all, that after the commencement of cool weather, we have seldom any thunder. The reason of this appears sufficiently obvious. The great portion of oppressive heat is withdrawn from this division of the earth, and its place is supplied with air from the colder regions.

#### OF LOOMING.

This phenomenon, I presume, is occasioned solely by the agency of the sun operating on vapor. Vapor evidently assumes a very variable character. That which is visible to the eye, and even tangible, goes under the usual denomination of *fog*. As soon as the power of the sun is brought to act upon it, it immediately becomes rarified, and we see it begin to ascend. After rising to a certain degree of elevation, it forms itself into clouds; but it often hangs

for a time on the declivity of ridges, before it attains that region in the atmosphere which seems to mark the usual distance of the clouds from the earth. While moving in the atmosphere, they reflect the various shades of light, according to their degree of density and their position in relation to the sun.

There is another kind of vapor of a character so extremely subtle, as to be invisible to the eye; though, had we sufficient acuteness of vision to perceive only a small part of the operation, our wonder, I think, would be greatly excited. This comes under the general denomination of *exhalation* or *evaporation*. It comprises all that immense mass, which, by the resistless energy of heat, is absorbed from the boundless surfaces of water, from the earth itself, and from every species of vegetation. At certain periods, the effect of this is so great, that objects at a moderate distance are made to appear indistinct; although, when superficially examined, the atmosphere presents the appearance of much purity and serenity.

From the known properties of light and heat, we can readily perceive, that when they are brought to act on vapor, the effect becomes very striking. Under some circumstances, it is made to reflect various hues; under others, it becomes an extraordinary magnifying power. At times, if we cast our eyes across a body of water, in order to examine a distant shore, we are deceived by an illusion which in some situations is not uncommon, and which seems to be intimately connected with the present inquiry. The water near the shore has the appearance of being elevated, and presents a real obstacle to a correct view of the land. There are three situations at which this phenomenon is sometimes visible when standing on the Battery. One is at the point of Staten Island at the Narrows; another is at the Kills, so called, between the Jersey shore and the north point of the island; and the third is near Weehawk, at the distance of about three miles. There are also other situations on the East and North river, where it is equally visible. The cause can be no other than the influence of light and heat on the current of evaporation, which becomes reflective, while it serves as a magnifier. It must be borne in mind, that these effects are visible only where high grounds stand in the rear, or are contiguous. The light from these grounds probably has a reacting tendency, assisting to produce the effect in question; giving to the water the appearance of being raised above its ordinary level, accompanied with a peculiarly luminous aspect. It is my opinion, that when this happens, evaporation may then be supposed to go on with greatest force; for it strikes my mind that this law is by no means uniform in its action. At times its influence would appear to be very great; at other times partial; and under some circumstances wholly suspended. All this I conceive to be owing to the state or condition of the atmosphere itself.

But I am strongly inclined to believe, that the manner in which evaporation goes on, differs materially in one respect from what may perhaps be the general opinion. It appears to me that the vapor is drawn together in columns or bodies, and ascends in that way; that it must necessarily be subject to this mode of operation; and that these columns or bodies in their character and movements are very



similar to water-spouts, but without the capability of producing any visible agitation of the atmosphere, owing to their extreme subtilty. As the ocean presents an extended surface, I think it probable that in some cases these ascending columns are very large; and when they intervene between a vessel and the land, the effect must be very strong, and consequently the more deceiving. I presume this is that kind of illusion which is familiar to seamen when they approach the land, and which, in nautical language, is denominated *looming*.

It sometimes happens, during the prevalence of a fog in the bay of New-York, that objects present themselves to the eye seemingly very large, but which on a near approach are found to be of inconsiderable magnitude. I never beheld a case, however, in which the illusion made the object to appear so disproportioned and striking as the one mentioned by Mr. Jefferson.\* The difference most probably arises from difference of situations.

The real cause of the deception I take to be this: After the sun has attained considerable altitude, and by its influence has dissipated the denser part of the vapor, the rays of light and heat penetrate through the remaining portion, producing a strong magnifying effect; and when, under these circumstances, an object is placed within a certain distance of an observer, (but of the real distance required to produce the effect, I am unable to speak,) it assumes a very imposing aspect, seeming to be much larger than it really is. I think I am correct in asserting, (and to this sentiment I attach great weight,) that none of these phenomena were ever noticed either before the sun had risen or after it had set. Hence I infer, that their true origin and cause must be traced to the influence which light and heat are generally understood to have on vapor; and which, under some circumstances communicate to it a high magnifying, and under others a bright reflecting property.

In relation to the singular circumstance of a mountain in Virginia assuming various and apparently whimsical shapes at certain periods, it can, in my view of the subject, arise from no other conceivable causes but from those at present under view. As before observed, ordinary evaporation is so extremely subtle as to elude our vision;

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\* 'Having had occasion to mention the particular situation of Monticello for other purposes, I will just take notice that its elevation affords an opportunity of seeing a phenomenon which is rare at land, though frequent at sea. The seamen call it *looming*. Philosophy is as yet in the rear of seamen, for so far from having accounted for it, she has not given it a name. Its principal effect is to make distant objects appear larger, in opposition to the general law of vision, by which they are diminished. I knew an instance at Yorktown, from whence the water prospect eastwardly is without termination, wherein a canoe with three men at a great distance, was taken for a ship with its three masts. I am little acquainted with the phenomenon as it shows itself at sea; but at Monticello it is familiar. There is a solitary mountain about forty miles off, in the south, whose natural shape, as presented to view there, is a regular cone; but by the effect of looming, it sometimes subsides almost wholly into the horizon; sometimes it rises more acute and more elevated; sometimes it is hemispherical; and sometimes its sides are perpendicular, its top flat, and as broad as its base. In short, it assumes at times the most whimsical shapes, and all these, perhaps, successively in the same morning. Refraction will not account for this metamorphosis; that only changes the proportions of length and breadth, base and altitude, preserving the general outlines. Thus it may make a circle appear elliptical, raise or depress a cone; but by none of its laws, as yet developed, will it make a circle appear a square, or a cone a sphere.'

Notes on Virginia.

nevertheless, it must at times be of sufficient density to conceal a distant object from view. It is known that the atmosphere in high situations is generally cool; and fog is frequently seen extended in thin horizontal strata on the top of a ridge, becoming visibly condensed on meeting with the cool air above. The effect on invisible vapor we must presume to be the same; and at times a body of it must be supposed to take the same place, remaining for a while stationary, (subject nevertheless to very sudden and material changes) concealing the top of the ridge from the sight. At the same time, streams of vapor are supposed to ascend from the foot of the ridge, and adhering to its sides in columns or some analogous shape, leave the prominent part exposed to the view of the observer. Sometimes these exhalations ascend in right lines, and coming in contact with the horizontal strata above, it gives to the mountain a quadrangular figure. At other times they are presumed to follow its sides, and meeting on the top in curved lines, it presents a hemispherical figure. And whatever may be the form assumed by the object, whether quadrangular, hemispherical, conical, sunk in the horizon, or whatever else, I feel well assured it is all the effect of the same law. In my opinion it can neither be traced to, nor can it originate from, any other conceivable or assignable cause.

It is remarked of the mountain in question, that it is isolated and solitary, and of a conical form. To this circumstance alone must be owing the exhibition of the strange phenomenon. I venture to assert, that no corresponding appearances were ever observed on a mountain of any considerable continuity, unless aided by distance and some peculiar circumstances, provided its shape and figure possessed the character of uniformity.

SINCE the foregoing observations on looming were written, I am altogether satisfied of their correctness, and do not now offer them as mere matter of speculation. Any person who wishes to remove from his mind every doubt in this respect, can easily do it. There is one state of the atmosphere *alone* in which this phenomenon is visible; and this is not unfrequent in the spring and autumn. In summer or winter it is rarely seen.

Whenever a sudden transition takes place from a warm or sultry, to a refrigerative atmosphere, this phenomenon is very visible at the north point of Staten Island; at the Narrows; and at Weehawk, as before stated. The effect is produced solely by action between the two elements, air and water. The air in such cases being dry, and considerably colder than the water, a powerful evaporation immediately ensues; for the plain reason, that an equilibrium in the operations of nature must be kept up; but, as I have already remarked, it cannot be seen until the light acts strongly upon it. Hence it will be found, that it is scarcely perceptible either before sunrise or after sunset.

It will be evident to every observer who is willing to examine for himself, that in a mere ordinary state of the atmosphere, the ridge in New-Jersey, as seen through the Narrows, presents an almost even line of considerable elevation. In a few instances, I have perceived



the effect of looming to be so strong, that, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, it had almost 'subsided in the horizon.' The comb of the ridge only was perceptible, and presented the appearance of small tufts or points.\* This, I think, goes to confirm the suggestion before made, that the vapor ascends in columns. The very jagged appearance of those parts of the ridge, seen under such circumstances, I deem conclusive on this point. The steam from boiling water takes that shape, and still farther illustrates the position.

If Mr. Jefferson had taken pains to note the state of the atmosphere, during those periods when the mountain of which he speaks presented those whimsical appearances, I am well persuaded that he would have found them at no time visible, except during the prevalence of such a state of the atmosphere as I have mentioned. Indeed I hesitate not to say, that the principles of philosophy will authorize no other conclusion. And whether on land or on water, the effect is the same, since it must be owing to the same cause. The most skeptical can satisfy themselves in relation to this matter, with very little trouble.

In my next number, I shall present some facts in relation to the transmission of sound through the air, and offer a theory of thunder-showers, and of west and north-west winds.

#### AN OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Thou rear'st aloft thy giant limbs, as if to grasp the skies,  
And 'neath thy branches, far and wide thine outspread shadow lies;  
Thou hast battled with the storms of old, yet dust is on thy leaves,  
And his web within their deep green folds, the venom'd insect weaves;  
Thy trunk some rude unletter'd churl hath seamed with many a scar,  
But the hand of Time hath stamp'd decay on thee more deeply far:  
Yet proudly still thou rear'st thy head, as thou all change defied —  
How like earth's mighty ones thou art, lone tree by the way-side!

And hark! a shout sounds o'er the hill! — they come, the urchin-rout,  
With screaming whoop, and loud halloo, from school poured wildly out;  
They halt beneath thy spreading limbs, and many a ragged crown  
Again with deafening shout is flung, to bring thy high fruit down:  
The wanderer, worn and travel-soiled, who rests beneath thee now,  
Hies on his way, forgetting e'en to bless thy shady bough.

Hadst thou but kept thy forest-haunts, contented with the rest  
To wear thy coat of goodly green, nor thus, with towering crest,  
Stood forth upon the world's highway alone, amid the coil  
Of life, the bustle and the hum, the whirl and wild turmoil,  
Daring the tempest — thou, old oak, for ages might have stood,  
Time-honored 'mid thy sturdy sons, the patriarch of the wood;  
Nor then, as now perchance, have wept thy faded leaves, and died  
Alone! — alone, a withered tree, upon the chill way-side!

New-York, November, 1837.

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\* I have several times since remarked the fact, that the ridge mentioned above was wholly invisible, and that too in an unusually serene state of the atmosphere, which, however, was highly refrigerative.

## DEPARTING TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ERATO,' AND OTHER POEMS.

'ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER!' — Heary Time!  
 How fleetly come, and how unheeded go,  
 Thine emissaries, Years! Thou art to few  
 A riddle that is read; and yet to most  
 A secret that hath not the power to move  
 Their idle curiosity, or win  
 So much attention in a varying year,  
 As is at Folly's glass, or Fashion's shrine,  
 Each day bestowed — ay, often every hour.  
 The knell of thy departure sometimes rings  
 Full on the quickened ear; and startled Thought,  
 Leaping bewildered from the airy halls  
 Where most it doth inhabit, for a while  
 Fixes its vision on the awing gulf  
 In which thou disappearest, year by year:  
 But soon, unused to contemplating aught  
 So vast and terrible, it shrinketh back,  
 And stealeth to its airy halls again.  
 Oh, it is sad to think how unobserved  
 Thou glidest onward; for in these man works  
 His *all* of good and evil — weal and wo!  
 'Thou gone, there comes no future chance of change:  
 Fixed is the destiny — written the doom —  
 Indelible the record! Hark!

Again,  
 Full-toned and solemn, from thine awful gulf,  
 Comes up that voice, which striketh not the ear,  
 But in the brain rings long and thrillingly:  
 'Another, and another!' Echoed back  
 From the rapt mind, the universe doth seem,  
 For the lone moment, without other tone:  
 'Another and another!' Knell of hope  
 To some, of life to others, and of Time  
 To all! And yet, unresting voyager!  
 Man notes thy progress, only as he notes  
 The still career of pestilence — by what  
 Thou strikest, in thine onward march, to earth,  
 And strewest in thy path — an utter wreck!

Strange, that a creature gifted as is man,  
 Endowed with aspirations limitless —  
 Fashioned and formed with such high, wondrous art,  
 Furnished with strength of intellect to soar,  
 Beauty to dazzle, blandishments to win,  
 And warmth of heart to cherish — should be prone,  
 So prone to earth, and earthly vanities.  
 Whence, but from this, proceed the varied ills  
 That life embitter? Guile, that murders peace —  
 Passion, that scorches with incessant heat,  
 Firing the blood, and maddening the brain —  
 Avarice, that blinds the eyes of Rectitude,  
 And grasps forever — Strife, that pales the cheek,  
 And gives the brow its furrows — griefs that rob  
 The eye of lustre — murmurs without end —  
 Longings unsatisfied — guilt unreprieved?

We make or mar Life's blessings! We do hold  
 Within ourselves the measure of our fate;  
 And as we fill it with the vanities  
 And shadows of existence, or the things  
 Of comeliness and substance, will it yield  
 Bliss-giving good, or soul-destroying ill.  
 The world is beautiful. Thought ne'er hath framed,  
 In its most frenzied moments, vale so sweet,  
 Mountain so towering, sunny stream so fair,  
 Torrent so grand, abyss so awful, cliff  
 So dizzying, parterre so richly gemm'd,  
 With varying flowers, or velvet slope so soft,

But Nature, in her visible works, doth far  
 Surpass them all. And this so glorious world,  
 Man's heritage and home is. Gift abused!  
 Fortune unmerited! How like a god's  
*Might* be his bearing here! Or, nobler thought!  
 How much of angel-purity, and joy  
 Celestial, might his mortal state afford,  
 Which now is poisoned by all evil things,  
 Through his perverseness. Not to ease the pain,  
 Lighten the burthen, meliorate the lot,  
 Or soothe the grief of his poor fellow-man,  
 Doth he esteem his duty; but to roam  
 The earth in search of treasure, while there is  
 A nook unvisited — to grasp, and grasp,  
 Until the arm is nerveless — to exact,  
 Even from Want, the pittance that might save —  
 To wring from houseless Beggary its groat,  
 And claim its tatters — and, with miser-care,  
 To hoard ill-gotten gains, while Wretchedness,  
 Squalid and shivering, seeks his door in vain!

Alas! that lay so sombre should be sung  
 Mid the rejoicings for the new-born year!  
 But man hath bowed his spirit in the dust —  
 Forgotten his high birth, and destiny  
 Exalted and sublime — debased his name  
 And noble nature — and so long on earth  
 Bent his keen eye, and fix'd his scheming mind,  
 That he doth think *this is the house in which*  
*He shall abide for ever!* Therefore 'tis,  
 That in the colors of awakening truth  
 Fancy now dips her pencil, and portrays  
 That which may startle. Hark!

Again — again:

'Another, and another!' Thrice, now — thrice,  
 That solemn-sounding knell hath in my brain  
 Rang thrillingly and long. Oh, would this lay  
 Could here and there a thoughtful bosom find,  
 And but a tithe impart of what I feel  
 Working upon my spirit now!

What! — mirth,

And revelry, and music! Yon bright hall,  
 Where hand thrills hand, and eye in ecstasy  
 Glances in eye, as through the mazy dance  
 Light feet and fairy forms move joyously  
 To merry notes, arrested not till now  
 My rapt attention. Youthful pulses leap,  
 And beauty's bloom hath there an added tint,  
 And eyes have deeper lustre, and the blood  
 Rushes impetuous through the tingling veins,  
 And lovely tones have greater witchery,  
 And tell-tale glances revelations make  
 As sweet as Hybla's treasure.

And 'tis well:

Well thus to welcome in the new-born year —  
 As if its coming did insure a joy  
 Dreamed of, but never found, in parted time:  
 For, though experience gives to hope the lie,  
 And expectations are but mockeries,  
 Yet is he wise who in the future still  
 Sees what shall in the future e'er remain.

On with the dance, then, and the harmless rout!  
 But, revellers! should the knell of parting years  
 At times strike on the heart attuned to mirth,  
 And in your merry-makings startle ye,  
 As the 'hand-writing' in Belshazzar's hall  
 Arrested the carousers, turn ye not  
 In levity away — but in your minds,  
 And on your hearts, oh! let this saving truth  
 Be written: '*This is not the house in which*  
*Ye shall abide for ever!*'

## REMINISCENCES.

'My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
How sad and fearful were the tears I shed!

I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And turning from my nursery-window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.'

COWPER.

How well I can remember one Saturday afternoon, when seated with two or three other children in my little play-room — while we dressed and talked to our dolls, and spread our tea-things, and affected all the importance that we had ever observed in our mamas on such occasions — how well I can remember saying: '*I* will not marry until I am twenty. This was the age at which my mother married.' Surely this was the language of prophecy, though rather a far calculation for a miss of eight years. That I was to be married, seemed as certain as that I was one day to become a woman; and though the mystic tie was not investigated, even in thought, yet my mother married; and that I was to do the same, when arrived at womanhood, did not admit of a doubt. So naturally and beautifully does woman fall into her appropriate sphere! And happy are those daughters who find in their mother's example a pattern to imitate in all respects.

I was an only child, and my constant play-fellow and school-mate was my cousin Ann. She was a year older than myself, lively and good-natured, and loved any thing better than getting her lessons. She courageously protected my shrinking timidity, when in danger of oppression from older and more confident girls. Our obligations were mutual, for she invariably applied for my assistance in her neglected tasks. 'Do help me out in this composition!' or 'Just finish this sum for me, my dear coz!' and putting her slate in my hand, away she flew to a laughing group, the gayest of them all. My solitary amusement was reading. 'Blessings on him who first invented sleep!' says Sancho Panza. I would say, 'Blessings on him who first invented the art of printing.' What inestimable treasures are books, those 'silent but eloquent companions!' What stores of rational amusement — what worlds of delight and instruction — what never-failing sources of enjoyment — varying

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe!'

Cultivate in the young a taste for correct literature, and you have already opened to them the door to knowledge and to virtue. I have culled from almost every source, and do not recollect the time when an interesting book would not detain me from play, or even from my meals. With a volume of the 'Arabian Nights' in my lap, and my cheek resting on my hand, 'Come to your dinner, my love,' was unheeded, though repeated for the twentieth time; and until something in a louder tone, as: 'Those books shall be put away!' roused my attention, I was deaf and blind to all external objects. My mother

was extremely judicious in the choice of the books she placed in my hands, yet I constantly borrowed from the girls at school. These were often trash, and served to excite an imagination perhaps naturally but too active, and encouraged a strong predisposition to romance. At one time, I was an Amanda; then a Helen Mar, or a Lady something or other; for I placed myself in the situation of whatever heroine I read of. So strong has been the impression at times, that my very brow has ached on my pillow, in the vain endeavor to banish these fancies from my heated brain. It was during one of these moods, that a girl at school remarked to my cousin: 'Your cousin is very proud; she acts as if she felt herself above us.' That it gave rise to many unconscious absurdities in my conduct, I have no doubt; just as a tragedian will carry the steps and deportment of a king from the scene of their enactment.

As I have said, I was an only daughter, and in no little danger of being spoiled by indulgence, when the death of my father roused me from a delightful dream of romance and of innocence. I was not yet nine, and my beloved mother, struck with the blow, was followed to the same tomb in fifteen months. Though sensible of the loss which was to throw a shade of sadness over my future years, yet, removed to the house of my grandfather, I did not then realize it in its full extent. Beside my grand-parents, there remained at home, in single blessedness, two aunts, the eldest of whom not only ruled her father's house, but in some measure those of her married brothers and sisters. It was soon settled that I was to be sent to a new school. This was my first trouble. Many of the young ladies I was sincerely attached to; and my cousin, who had been a sister to me, how could I be separated from her? Tears were vain, and it was decided that writing, arithmetic, and grammar, were all the studies necessary for me to attend to. I had commenced French, previous to my mother's death, but, 'It will be of no earthly use to her,' said my aunt. Geography was mentioned: 'If she studies the geography of her own house,\* and understands *that*, it will be of more importance,' persisted the uncompromising stickler for good housewifery. She was overruled in this; and though dancing was decidedly objected to, I subsequently took lessons in music.

W — Academy was much larger than the school I had left; and the first day of my entrance, as I looked around on the different teachers, and saw under their care nearly a hundred young faces, not one of which I knew, I felt that I was indeed alone in this little world of strangers; and when the principal entered, his near resemblance to my late father completely overcame me. I burst into an involuntary flood of tears. 'What is the matter with her?' was repeated on every side. I could only sob out to a young lady, who

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\*This opinion of my good aunt was forcibly called to mind lately, on hearing a lady, who had lived eight years in a house, declare, that she really did not know if there was a cellar belonging to it or not. This lady was not so ignorant as she pretended; but she feared it might detract from her refinement to be supposed to have an acquaintance with either the kitchen or the cellar. Her ideas of gentility were about as accurate as those of a young lady, who a short time since, to settle the disputed respectability of a family recently moved into the place, said she 'thought they must be genteel people, for in riding past their house, she saw mahogany chairs by the window!'

tried to soothe me, that 'Mr. H —— looked so much like my father, who was dead!' Their wonder was instantly changed to pity, and a sympathetic tear stole from many a bright eye, for the orphan stranger. My progress was rapid; too much so, as I only left school to come under the strict surveillance of my spinster aunts. 'I intend she shall be taught every thing that is useful for a woman to know, in the lowliest situation; and rather than permit her to be idle, I will have work picked out and done over again!' was the reply to a query as to how my time was to be disposed of. Of course, in her estimation, reading was time thrown away; and I can well remember the bursting feelings with which I recalled the memory of my mother, when first seated under the eye of my duennas, I commenced stitching wrist-bands, and sewing up long seams.

I now seldom saw my cousin, yet we maintained a regular correspondence. How full of soul were those secret letters! To her I could open my whole heart; and to her were expressed my ardent aspirations, and thirst for knowledge; my wishes, my imaginings, my regrets. She was my only confidant; and though we were as unlike as possible, she was the only one who understood my feelings, or to whom I could communicate them. Another object of devoted affection at this time was my aged grand-sire. Though a great girl, yet when I could steal into his sitting-room, and, seated on his knee, listen to the untiring stream of anecdote of his early days, I felt that I had nothing to wish for. 'You were not born in England?' said a companion to me, one day. 'No; but I have heard my grandfather tell so much about it, that I feel as if I had been there.' To this day, I have a sort of *tendresse* for old men; and when my grandfather departed, in a good old age, crowned with the respect due to an honest man, my grief was more lasting than the sorrow I had suffered for my parents. My days glided along unmarked by any novel or exciting scenes. Our visitors were staid, middle-aged people, who advanced none but correct views and sound principles; yet I pined for companions of my own age, and for the enjoyments suited to youth. As I had now become very expert with my needle, I was sent into the kitchen; 'for,' said my aunt, jocularly, 'though you can make a shirt very neatly, you must be able to turn out a pudding whole, before you will be fit to get married.' I blushed crimson deep at the insinuation, which however is not a bad one, and should be oftener repeated to young ladies, who, with a most superlative contempt for any useful knowledge, take upon themselves duties, of the details of which they are totally ignorant.

I once heard a gentleman, who lost his wife in the second year of his marriage, declare, that were he to become a Cœlebs, he would not seek for the light accomplishments so unduly valued by many, but he should look for a lady who could make good puddings and pies. 'If she understands the latter art,' he added, 'I can excuse her ignorance of German; and I am not sure but I could overlook some little faults of temper.' I thought the man a shocking epicure, and wished with all my heart to see him yoked with one of my notable aunts. I learned, however, that though married for so short a time, the inconveniences and mortifications he felt, from the utter ignorance of his young wife in any thing connected with domestic affairs,



were numerous. I did not particularly dislike my employments; it was only the exclusive confinement to them, and being obliged, one third of my time, to be the companion of a servant, that caused my spirit to revolt. A plan had been marked out, and, with the perseverance of a self-willed woman, no allowance was made for the peculiar bias of mind which soared for higher and nobler things. That females should be instructed in all that is proper for a woman to know in any situation, is very well, as far as it goes; and this plan, exclusively acted upon, would doubtless produce very good commonplace domestic drudges; but there are higher attainments equally useful, and as profitable for an immortal soul. We possessed a well-stored library, yet I read mostly by stealth. This gave rise to a cursory and imperfect perusal of valuable works, and what was still worse, to the dangerous habit of reading in bed. This practice I pursued for a long time unsuspected; but retiring one night earlier than usual, to finish a poem in which I was much interested, I fell asleep with my hand encircling the candle-stick. In passing my room, the light was discovered under the door; and from this night, a servant was regularly sent to carry away the candle as soon as I had retired. I have often indulged in thoughts of what I might have been, had not my mind been cramped, and my thoughts frittered away upon employments that were not rendered necessary by our circumstances. Yet perhaps I am wrong. I imbibed good principles, and am possibly as useful, and quite as happy, as if my attainments were of a higher order.

After a round of gayety, my cousin entered upon the duties of a wife, with a heart as light, and a head as giddy as a school-girl's. To dress, and to dance, and to enjoy herself, these had been her pursuits, from the time she left school till, at the age of seventeen, she gave her hand to Walter Dudley, who was enough older than herself to be in no danger of partaking of her giddiness. Yet he loved to see his wife admired, and her follies were all gratified without regard to expense. Her parties were frequent; and as she added to her social feelings a love for display, her furniture and dresses were of the most expensive kind. Yet, with all this profusion, there was little order or real comfort; and so lamentably deficient was she in any culinary knowledge, that when requested by her cook to say how much flour she should make into bread, at their first baking, she answered: 'Why really I do n't know; I suppose (and not wishing to be thought a stinting mistress,) I suppose about a quarter of a hundred!' She was sufficiently mortified for her ignorance, by the woman laughing in her face.

Those who enter the arena of fashionable life, in a city like New-York, find but little time for reflection, and none at all for domestic avocations. What wonder, then, that the head of my poor cousin was turned; and when her husband, tired of the dissipations of two winters, hinted at retrenchment and domestic quiet, she protested that the thing was impossible. 'Our acquaintances are so very select, and so respectable,' she said; 'and beside, were I to give up parties, it would be thought that you had failed, and this very suspicion, you know, might bring on the reality. I am sure, Walter,

you cannot think me dissipated ; I never moped at home before we were married ; and it is very hard to be obliged to give up all my friends and acquaintances now.'

'I do not ask this,' replied her easy husband ; 'but why not have smaller parties, and prepare the refreshments yourself? Mr. Ellis tells me that his wife prepares every thing that is served at his house ; and their entertainments, we know, are always elegant. This would save more than one half of what I now pay to a professed *artiste*.'

'Oh, I should spoil more than would be saved by that plan,' was the reply.

This was true ; for in attempting to prepare some crullers, she made the paste so very rich, that she could neither roll it out, or boil it afterward ; and in her vexation, she threw the whole compound away.

'Wilful waste makes woful want,' is an adage as just as it is homely. Those who do not study economy from principle, will be compelled to practice it of necessity ; and this my cousin found to her confusion, in the third year of her marriage. A needle had ever been her aversion ; but she did attempt some things for her boy, and the poor child looked as if his clothes had dropped on to him from a whirlwind. But reform had come too late. An assignment was inevitable. 'It is all my fault,' said she to me, on taking leave, as they were starting for Missouri, 'it is all my fault, and Walter knows it. I see that he feels contempt for me ; and how I despise myself, in reflecting that my selfish extravagance has brought ruin on so kind a husband !' I trembled for their happiness ; and in considering the causes of her disaster, felt more reconciled to my own pursuits, quiet and humble as they were. There is no situation in life which exempts a female from certain duties ; and though many have a mother or other relative to take the burden off their hands, they are inseparable from her situation as a wife and mother. Yet how seldom are girls properly disciplined and prepared for this responsible situation ! Happily, Mr. Dudley possessed perseverance as well as enterprise. With a borrowed sum, he purposed not only a 'living,' but an ample support ; and it remained now to see if his wife was to prove a blessing or a clog to his virtuous endeavors. I recollected her habits, and sighed ; yet she had a generous heart, and a love for the truly beautiful and good, and I took courage. 'What though,' thought I, in the remembered language of PAULDING'S 'Backwoodsman,'

'What though long, tedious miles may intervene,  
And dangers lurk their hopes and them between ;  
What if they bid a long, nay last adieu,  
To scenes their earliest feelings fondly knew ?  
Bright INDEPENDENCE will the loss repay,  
And make them rich amends some other day.'

'WHICH will you have for dinner, John, 'taters or stir-pudding?' asked the Wolverhampton cobbler's wife of her husband. Surely, unless this man was unreasonable, (and husbands are *sometimes* unreasonable,) he ought to have been happier than many a proud peer of

the realm. 'Let us divide our labors,' was the happy suggestion of our first mother, in her days of innocence and love :

'Let us divide our labors, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,  
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
With myrtle, find what to re-dress till noon.'

*'Crooked Branch, Missouri, July, 18 — .'*

'MY DEAREST COUSIN : My last letter to you was dated at Buffalo, a year ago last month ; and, as I well remember, was filled with regrets and gloomy anticipations. Yet, with all this depression of spirits, I was not insensible to the beauty of the country through which we passed. New worlds seemed to burst upon the view, at every step of our journey ; and I could scarcely believe, that we were on our way to the 'far west,' of which I had previously entertained so great a horror. Here was a busy city ; there a town just sprung into existence, which already numbered its thousand inhabitants ; a little farther on, was another still larger, and all looking so fresh and young, as to show that they were not yet in their teens. We passed green fields, too, and fertile valleys, with far-spread prairies, and creeks that swelled into lakes, and rivers that were almost oceans. It was a beautiful sight ; yet every step carried us farther from home, and, as I thought, happiness. When we arrived here, a spot sufficiently distant from duns and creditors, I could not help thinking, Walter proposed that we should tarry to look around us. We were in the heart of a most luxuriant state, with an abundance of wild land, which seemed to say, 'Come and plant me, and your labor will be rewarded an hundred fold.' Here we met with a settler, who was anxious to dispose of a large and valuable tract, to go (only think !) to go 'farther west !' 'This, then, shall be our abiding place,' said my husband, when he returned from concluding the bargain ; 'and I think myself extremely fortunate in meeting with such an offer. He asks but a small advance, for two years' labor, and we shall have a house ready to go in.' My eyes were so blinded with tears, when, a few days afterward, Walter carried me to my new home, that I saw nothing. When I did venture to look around, I was struck with its desolate appearance. We could see the sunshine through crevices in the logs, and there was but a single room, with a 'milk-room,' as it was called, and a loft over head. My heart sank within me. Only think, cousin, what a prospect ! You, I recollect, used often to expatiate upon cottages, and retirement ; but I thought a comfortable house and pleasant society good enough for me. Well, for some time I did nothing but cry, and coax little Willie, who begged to be taken away from here. Poor Walter ! How resolutely he walked about his lots, and planned and thought — for this was all new business to him — and then came in, without a reproachful word or look, and began cooking his own meals. I could not endure this ; and drying my eyes, I determined to bear my part of the burden. I will not weary you with a repetition of the hardships we endured, or of my unfitness for labor, in kid slippers and gossamer dresses ; nor how,

after we bought a cow, and Walter had assisted me in churning, I added salt to the butter with a salt-spoon, wondering why it did not have the proper taste !

‘The fall was a busy season. Our crops yielded abundantly, and we were blessed with health. As the winter began to close around us, we contrived to render our abode tolerably comfortable, with the use of bark, and straw, and by making an embankment around the foundation. One night in November, after a hard day’s work of drawing wood, Walter retired to bed, early in the evening. I followed in a short time, wearied with a large ironing, and soon slept profoundly. I was startled about midnight by the screams of the child. I awoke in terror ; but what was my consternation, on beholding the room in a light blaze, and the flames already approaching the corner in which our bed stood. I called to Walter, and vainly endeavored to waken him. The flames came nearer ; the smoke was hot and suffocating. Distractedly I called his name, shook him, and with infinite difficulty succeeded at length in awakening him, just as the blaze had caught a corner of the counterpane. We escaped uninjured to the barn, which fortunately was at a safe distance ; and clasping each other, thanked God for our miraculous deliverance ! We saw the roof fall in, and leaving it a smouldering heap of ruins, drove to our nearest neighbors, with only the addition of a horse-blanket to our night garments. We had not saved an article ; and how can I express to you the kindness with which we were received, and made comfortable. Active exertions were immediately taken to renew our building. The men all joined on this occasion : some lent the use of their team for drawing logs, and gave a day’s labor of their hired men ; others came with their sons to assist, from a distance of many miles ; and in a short time we had a dwelling larger and more convenient, with scarcely any expense. Nor were the women idle. From perfect strangers we received articles of clothing and bedding, for which they neither expected or would receive any remuneration. I was affected even to tears, when, after several days’ illness, occasioned by fright and exposure to cold, I assembled with the kind family who afforded us a shelter, and saw the many testimonies of benevolence sent by our most distant neighbors. A fine ham from one, a pot of honey from another, with a small firkin of butter from a third ; every thing, in fact, was remembered, that our necessities could require ; and you may well imagine the depth of our gratitude.

‘The devouring element robbed me of many a valued keepsake from friends at home, but nothing grieved me so much as the loss of your letters. Other things could be restored or dispensed with ; but how regain those faithful transcripts of a soul sincere and elevated ? I was less reconciled, too, when I recollected that it was occasioned by my own carelessness. The day of the fire, I consumed a quantity of wood in ironing, and took up the ashes in an old paper band-box, which I placed near the house, under a shed. This undoubtedly took fire, and communicating to the straw between the logs, caused the disaster, from which we only escaped with our lives. A neighbor’s daughter staid with me this winter, for my health was delicate, and her presence greatly assisted in promoting cheerfulness in our

little dwelling. Occasionally, too, on long winter evenings, one or two neighbors, (the nearest lives two miles off,) called over, and I was much surprised at finding them so intelligent. Having but few objects of local interest, they all read the papers a great deal, and are conversant with the general state of affairs, both at home and abroad. I soon began to take an interest in these subjects. I recollect that when in New-York, had I been asked who was the mayor of the city, I could not have told; but now, I not only know who is in power, but understand something of their capabilities for office; and it is wonderful how much an attention to these matters has increased my patriotism. We receive the city papers regularly, and after giving them a perusal, exchange with our neighbors. A week or two after date, makes no difference; having, as Walter says, no stocks to look after. I am gratified to observe that Walter is regarded by them with much consideration. He possesses a vast amount of general information, which is highly valuable; and his wife is looked upon as a very fine lady. Perhaps I have had some claim to that rather equivocal character; yet I am not ambitious of the appellation, and hope rather to win the esteem due to a fine woman.

‘You will wonder how we employ ourselves on Sundays, in a place so remote from a house of worship. The Sabbath is with us a day of rest; not only to ourselves, but to our cattle, and to the stranger within our gates. We have several volumes of excellent sermons, and other religious books, from which one of us reads aloud; but above all do we study the Sacred Volume. We endeavor to read understandingly, and to make it the rule of our conduct, sitting low at the feet of our blessed Master. I never had my devotional feelings half so much exercised in church, as they have been in these unostentatious services. There, my attention was divided between prayers and people, and my thoughts far from the object of our assembling. In the afternoon, we walk; and at this season, when every shrub and plant is in full beauty, and trees which look as if they had been standing ever since the waters were separated from the dry land, clothed with verdant foliage, from which break forth the songs of a thousand unseen minstrels, we can scarcely refrain from crying aloud, in the language of the Psalmist, ‘All thy works praise thee!’ Our favorite resort is a very beautiful creek, about three quarters of a mile from here, and from which this place derives its name. Here, seated on a sloping bank, shaded by hazel bushes and the wild willow, we enjoy, in all its glorious perfection, the magnificence of nature. This is a picturesque spot, romantic enough to please even you; and I ardently hope, one day, to enjoy its beauties in your company. In the evening, several young people, provided with note-books, congregate at our cottage, and we conclude the day in singing hymns. I would not boast of myself, yet these employments have had the most beneficial effects upon my heart and temper; and to you, my dear —, I may say, that I trust I am a better Christian.

‘Our location is a very happy one. We command a beautiful prospect of field and meadow, on one side, with a fine wood on the other, which intervenes between us and our charming creek. The former owner, too, had the good taste to leave several stately old

oaks near the dwelling, for which I am vastly obliged. Willie is under obligations, also, for his father has attached a rope to two of them, which affords him occasional pastime in swinging his promising boy. I have now a hired girl, the daughter of an Englishman, whose large family of '*buys*,' as he calls them, (by the way, they are more than half girls,) renders it necessary that they should all be 'doing some'at.' Her name is Hetty; I love soft names, and her temper is as pleasant as her name, and she is as merry as a lark. I never could endure low spirits in any one but you, my dear —, and I excused them in you, knowing there was some cause for them. I find full employment for my hands, I assure you; and what between my dairy and poultry-yard, and matters in-doors, I have no idle time. Even little Willie does not eat the bread of idleness, but sings his '*By O!*' most manfully, while rocking the cradle of his little sister. You will probably be tempted to inquire, if we do not miss the refinements and elegancies to which we have been accustomed. We *do* miss them; for although we have found in our present neighborhood more of the sterling qualities that do honor to the human heart, than one meets with in large cities, where clashing interests render men selfish, there is yet a dearth of much that makes life desirable. But we are content to labor now, hoping to procure indulgences at some future day, for ourselves, as well as our children, whom we trust to educate without sending far from home, as excellent schools are being started in every direction. And moreover, as we never should have expatriated ourselves of choice, ought we not to be grateful and content, to have secured so safe a harbor, when driven by misfortunes from the place of our nativity? Truly, our lot has been cast in a pleasant land, which only requires us to appreciate, and to strengthen by wise legislation, to be the greatest boon of an indulgent heaven.

'And now, my dear —, may not my misfortunes be properly ascribed to a deficient education? In this we have both been unfortunate, although the plans pursued differed so widely. My mother, with mistaken fondness, thought only to promote my present enjoyment, to the neglect of domestic duties; and hence my unfitness to fulfil with judgment the obligations of a mistress.' Nor was this all. By an attention to none but light accomplishments, my mind was neither properly disciplined, my understanding improved and strengthened, nor my views enlarged, in the manner that good sense imperiously demands, for those who are to have the care of the affections, and the formation of the first principles of future divines and statesmen. With yourself, the error consisted in the too exclusive confinement to a single department of the various duties which devolve upon us, in the different characters of sisters, wives, mothers, and friends, as well as mistresses. In my case, blind affection caused the error; in yours, mistaken and narrow views. Yet with you, the error was on the safe side, while my giddy career and thoughtless folly led to ruin; and had I not been blessed with a companion of a firm and virtuous mind, the consequences might have been fatal. Walter declares that he is perfectly happy: for this I cannot be sufficiently thankful; and could I conquer a few regrets, and reconcile myself to the absence of dear friends, I might be able to say the



same. When I have you with me, as I hope to, another season, I think I shall feel no wants. Till then, adieu ! And believe me your ever affectionate cousin,

ANN DUDLEY.

HERE then was a triumph of affection and virtuous resolution over the negligent habits fostered by ridiculous fondness. She was right, too, as respected myself ; and although aware that a too great attention to domestic duties is not an error of the present day, yet in my particular instance, it was an error ; and painfully was it felt, when the time arrived that I was to take my place in society, and was introduced to those in my own station, whose acquirements made me blush for my ignorance. True, I had been taught much that was extremely useful, and this knowledge I would not willingly be without ; yet I look back to the years spent in acquiring that knowledge, as the saddest in my life ; and those who undertook my guardianship, with the best intentions, I doubt not, succeeded in making me thoroughly uncomfortable. If I live, I intend that my daughter shall not only be made acquainted with the particular duties that belong to woman, nor yet acquire them to the neglect of the more important graces of mind, or at the cost of the elegancies and proprieties of life, which fit us as well to be the companion as the help-mate of man, and as much the instructress as the nurse of his children.

S. H. D.

#### THE 'LITTLE WITCH.'

##### I.

In boyhood's hours, I've sometimes read  
Of witches, such as Shakspeare drew ;  
And horrid hags, in garments red,  
Portray'd, I think, by Schiller, too.

##### II.

From such descriptions, I had thought  
That witches were old, ugly creatures ;  
Riding on broom-sticks, in their sport —  
Mis-shapen, both in form and features.

##### III.

With what surprise, then, did I view  
A little witch, the other night ;  
With rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue,  
Dazzling all 'round her with their light !

##### IV.

With red-ripe cherry, pouting lips,  
Whose fragrant breath embalms the air ;  
Imagination vainly sips  
The dewy sweets concentrated there !

##### V.

And then her voice ! Ah ! if there is  
One feature than the rest, more rich,  
That gentle voice, oh, surely 't is,  
Of Nature's fairest 'Little Witch !'

Brooklyn, 1837.

J. H. S.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S TEAR.

BY ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

'It is said that the Indians, when preparing to cross the Mississippi, left all their possessions, with peculiar stoicism, until they came to bid farewell to the graves of their fathers, when the stoutest warriors were moved, even to tears.

'JOURNAL OF COMMERCE,' 1837.

He was an Indian warrior — gray and stern;  
 Furrowed his swarthy brow, and scar-seamed;  
 Time had set his finger there, and he was old!  
 Yet, as he stood upon the mountain's brow,  
 That overhung the dark old wood, his form  
 Of knitted iron loomed against the sky,  
 Like a tall hemlock, stricken at its top;  
 Withered, but still erect. Whither it would,  
 The wind sprang cheerily onward in its course,  
 And shouted in his ear. And in its tones,  
 Were heard speaking the quick, sharp, doubling stroke  
 Of the stout woodman's axe, as far below,  
 In the deep, unsunned recess of the glade,  
 He hurled from his old standing-place the tree  
 That had lived there more than an hundred years.  
 And ever and anon, a blithesome song  
 Rang up in the clear air, and the mossed rocks  
 And woods, all unaccustomed to such sound,  
 Flung it straight back again, with mingled scorn,  
 And strange wonder. That sculptured listener's cheek  
 Grew darker then; his teeth were closely locked,  
 Shutting the rising wrath down to his heart  
 Again; and on his rifle-breech, the quick  
 Finger paddled convulsively, as though  
 He would have driven the galling merriment  
 Back in the white man's throat, and drowned its note  
 In blood. 'T was but a passing thought; the fire  
 In his deep eye went slowly out again;  
 On his lip the leaden hue — resumed its throne —  
 Of cold hate. From his breast a muttered chaunt,  
 Like the mysterious voices poets say  
 Welled from the ancient statue — so unmoved  
 His marble lip\* — went up upon the breeze,  
 Blending its melody with the deep bass  
 God breathes along the tree-tops. Thus it ran:

'Ay, fell the tall old groves — the sacred home  
 Of the Great Spirit! and the grass-grown mound,  
 Where his own forest-children used to come,  
 And lay their offerings — level to the ground,  
 Mocking the while Maneto's wrath with the cursed sound!

'These holy forests! — that old darkling tree  
 That proudly lifts its broad green crest on high —  
 Clad like a warrior, in his panoply —  
 And waves its scalp-lock in the golden sky,  
 The Thunderer would not strike, but ever passed it by!

'When first he built the world, He planted it  
 By the hill-side there; and beneath its shade  
 The red man's father's father used to sit,  
 When a young brave, and woo his star-eyed maid;  
 And then they reared their children there, in the same glade.

\*It may not be generally known, that *some* of the Indian tribes talk without moving the lips. The writer has used this fact, as applying here, by '*license*.'

'Close at its foot, a boy, with limbs unstrung  
 As the young fawn's, I drew the hickory bow,  
 And at its trunk the river-pebble flung;  
 And now — ha, see! — it reels! — can it be so?  
 Ay, ay — he cuts it down! Well — let it go!

'With murderous bullet, drink the Indian's blood!  
 With ruthless steel, raze low his forest-home!  
 Rear your cursed cabins in the sacred wood,  
 To whose deep gloom the red-deer dared not roam,  
 And none but the dark prophet's step, ere now, hath come.

'It matters not; my wasted tribe are gone!  
 My black-browed Maqua and her eaglet boy  
 Are far beyond the white-cloud, and alone  
 On the blue hill-top stands the chieftain! Joy  
 With them hath fled the spot; then let the foe destroy!

'Beyond great Mississippi's sweeping wave,  
 The broken warrior takes his weary way;  
 'Mid Oregon's wild wastes to find a grave,  
 Where the big mountains hide the dying day,  
 And nought may e'er disturb the banquet of decay.

'He heaves no sigh for the old hunting-ground!  
 Back on your heads a burning curse, to sear,  
 Wither and blast, is all the parting sound  
 His soul flings down to ye! Maneto, hear!  
 To women and the pale-face, leave the coward tear!

Swiftly he turned upon his heel and leaped,  
 Light as the springy wild-cat, down the steep;  
 Catching, from limb to limb, amid the trees  
 And slender saplings, that in living green  
 Clad its round side. Crackling and crashing then,  
 Beneath his foot, the brush-wood light gave way,  
 Scaring the wood-bird from his swinging nest,  
 And shaking the slim branches, till their rows  
 Of countless leaves gave out a silvery sound,  
 Like tinkling of a thousand tiny bells.

In a dark clump of elms, that seemed as though,  
 The patriarchs of all the trees — they there  
 Were holding council, grave and politic,  
 The straggling sunbeams worming lazily  
 Through their locked branches, to the holy shade —  
 And flinging gauzy shadows on dry leaves,  
 That whispered ceaselessly, all o'er the ground —  
 The chieftain checked his step. A spot for awe!  
 The singing bird was not upon the bough.  
 Happy wood-rabbits came not there. Creatures  
 That love the light, and gladden in God's smile,  
 And in their being's sunshine, were away.  
 Mayhap the ground-mole burrowed silently,  
 Beneath the mould — and the lone whippoorwill  
 Cowered from the day, in some sequestered nook.  
 But the wild-squirrel shunned the dark abodes  
 In the old trunks, and chattered far away,  
 Where the green hickory, in some pleasant place,  
 Stood up and nodded to the golden day.  
 The blast went on its path complainingly,  
 And kindred fancies stirred to its sad call,  
 As it sighed on the red-man's brow. Three graves  
 Were there, marked by three mounds of earth. He flung

His stalwart frame upon the ground, and strove —  
 As though by clasping in his arms the sod,  
 He might caress the dear decay beneath.  
 Now fixing on the sky those eyes of midnight,  
 Deeply, unfathomably dark; and then,  
 Again upon the consecrated turf —  
 While his huge frame shivered convulsively,  
 With the fierce agony of a strong man's grief —  
 Once more with that strange chime he stirred the stillness.  
 How altered in its tone!

'Alas! for thee, my father! resting low,  
 Where the deep earth shuts thee from love or harm —  
 Sleep on secure! 'Tis a brave brow  
 That crumbles there; the damp-worm gnaweth now  
 On a good arm!

'Tis well; thou didst live long enough to sing  
 The death-song of thy tribe's renown, my sire;  
 And then thy spirit spread its chainless wing  
 For the far grounds, where life's cool waters spring,  
 Unmixed with fire.

'Alas! my gentle wife! when, in my dream  
 Of holy vengeance, 'mid red battle won,  
 I swore to faint not, I did fondly deem  
 Ever to have thy dark eyes' fadeless beam  
 To cheer me on.

'But from the stem they've torn the vine away —  
 And the tree's sapless. Oh, a glorious boon  
 'T would be, to follow! From yon cloud-born ray  
 I see thee beckoning. Yet a brief day —  
 I shall come soon!

'And thou, my glorious boy! I thought, one day —  
 Oh, what proud hopes I garnered up for thee!  
 To see thee tallest of thy tribe, and they —  
 By thy brave arm, the invader swept away —  
 Happy and free.

'I thought to see thee, yet, chasing the deer,  
 And grappling with the bear, o'er prairie-grass  
 And wood, pathless and all thine own; and hear  
 Thy free whoop ringing on the sky-roof clear;  
 Alas! — alas!

'Wife, people, sire and son, all gone! I know  
 Ye're rambling now in the bright hunting-ground —  
 Where the grim pines upreaching ever grow,  
 And the deer rove, and mighty waters flow,  
 With onward bound.

'I hear ye calling, in the night-bird's lay,  
 And in the winds that round my lone lodge moan;  
 Ye wait; I read it in each heaven-sent ray!  
 Vain — vain! I may not go! 'Tis mine to stay,  
 Alone — alone!

As erst the rock smit by the prophet's wand  
 Gave from its rugged core a gush of waters,  
 So that uncultured stoic of the woods —  
 The fountains of fresh feeling broken up  
 By the hearth's talisman — there, in the grove,  
 Let go the dam that breasted the roused tide,  
 And bowed his iron neck — *and wept!*

## THE SYMPATHIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

## I.

How blissful is it, O, J . . . . ! when sympathizing souls commune ! Souls, which perhaps once loved in a former heaven, and now that they meet, the remembrance of each other arises dimly, like the confused recollection of a dream, of which naught but an indefinite though agreeable idea can be realized. Perchance Fate separated them, when they descended from that happy condition, to commence their perilous pilgrimage of trial in this strange land. But their better genius again unites them, even though years, mountains, and oceans may intervene. Scarcely do these twin souls awake from the confusion into which their fall into this wretched world has plunged them ; scarcely do they feel their former serenity return, ere a secret longing also arises, strange even to themselves. They aspire to a good which is wanting ; they are not contented. Oftentimes they are buried in solitary reveries, or, under the dark wings of the night, wander in serious dreams. A thousand varied visions pass before the meditating soul, but the chord is yet untouched ; at length it creates an image worthy of its affection ; it contemplates and loves it, and wishes, like Pygmalion, that it might exist, as yet ignorant that this picture has an original, and that it is only engaged in recalling lineaments once familiar. How pleasing is then the astonishment of these harmonizing spirits, when at an unhopèd-for and unexpected moment, that original stands in all its beauty before them ! A secret magnetic attraction draws them together ; they gaze and love for ever ; and the more deeply, the longer they examine. And how could they do otherwise than love ? Their hearts are attuned to the sweetest harmony. Nature has the same charms for both ; this pure azure of the heavens, these balsamic flowers, this blooming landscape, that slumbers peacefully beneath the silver light of the moon, and the more lofty aspirations of the mind, spiritual beauty, order, goodness, innocence, virtue, which, unencouraged, unknown, and uninitiated, remains in the midst of the turmoils of a degenerate world, faithful to the call of heaven. All these affect both in the same manner. How delightful is it to them to unlock to each other their inmost thoughts ! How readily do they comprehend them ! How speedily does each feeling find an answering emotion in the heart of the other ! There is no great thought, no beautiful perception, no joyful hope, no noble deed, that they do not share in common. There is no dissonance in the one, which is not changed into harmony by the sympathy of the other. The mutual desire to approach ever more nearly the immortals in that holy land from whence they have sprung ; this rooted desire, whether it be called virtue or religion, unites them in all that they think, and in all that they do. For what other species of harmony can exist between soul and soul, that is not based upon virtue ?

Beware, oh ye grovelling souls ! whom avarice or luxury (degrading cares !) unite for a brief space under the same yoke, beware that ye profane not the names of Love and Friendship ! Call not that

sympathy, which is only a shameful concurrence in vice ; a feeling which you gratuitously baptize with the names of Love and Friendship, as Leda would conceal a vicious disposition beneath the glowing roses of her cheeks. Rest satisfied with your grosser pastimes and pleasures, undisturbed by us. Restrain yourselves within your proper limits, and grant that we may view the world in a different light ; that we would rather nourish and enlarge our minds with mighty and certain hopes, than plunge into transient voluptuousness ; would rather rejoice in a holy belief, than in wild creations of the fancy, that have no existence save in the brain of the dreamer ; that our souls would rather commune with themselves, than be wasted in a thousand idle desires and frivolous follies ; and that we believe ourselves to live so much the more, as the spirit soars free and conformable to its inborn nature, and as we can loosen the bonds that confine us to this earthly sphere.

And how can it be otherwise, than that all who are blessed with this mode of reflection, should stand in a close spiritual union, and yearn the one to the other, although they may never have seen or opened their lips to each other ? Their inclinations sympathize, their prayers rise up in common to the same God ; their souls strive in the same paths toward perfection ; their hopes aim at the same objects. It is true, that a veil is often suspended between them, so that they shall never know each other. Many will meet for the first time in another world. It is thus ordained by Him, who is all-wise. The earth is not to become a heaven. Nevertheless, a kind Providence frequently so orders it, that even here they may unite. And although space and time intervene, the mind of man has discovered a mean by which both may be annihilated, the inhabitants of far distant lands in a moment commune together, and the living be transported into the society of venerable shades, whose virtue is renovated with each century.

How often, when my soul flies from the vexations of the day to calm, solitary meditation, applies itself to its most beloved thoughts, and surrounds itself with visionary creations ; how often then the sweet reflection has soothed me, that there is a companionship between minds, and that many paternal souls are scattered over the earth, who, perhaps, at this moment, like myself, are buried in reverie, and are calling up around them similar images and reflections. Then I indulge in these delightful dreams with calm rapture, and wander forth in imagination to meet these kindred spirits to my own, and sympathize with them, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. Perchance, this one longs for a friend to whom he may unburthen the sorrows of his heart ; one who will understand his feelings, and so advise him as to insure the return of peace ; perchance, there is another, inexperienced but well-intentioned, in want of instruction ; another astray, in need of advice ; another despairing, to whom encouragement would be salvation ; and another thoughtlessly pursuing a career, from whose fatal termination premonition might secure him. Thus do I imagine a varied tissue of events, in which my dearest and most intimate companions are concerned ; and animated by Friendship, I consider how I would teach or encourage, console or strengthen, punish or applaud. Then, committing my



reveries to paper, my heart finds a delightful satisfaction in the belief, that thus it will commune with the absent, and give to them the same pleasure that I myself have experienced.

Take then, ye honored spirits! to whom I am attracted more warmly than to others, (for which latter no other emotion than pity is possible to be felt,) take these remembrances and exhortations from your friend, who hopes to see you in a better world. You alone can understand these pages; you alone will comprehend and feel the force of my language, and only in your hearts will the sympathetic emotions of my own be adequately responded to.

## II.

BEAUTIFUL Celia!—you do not yet know your tenderest lover! Your enchanting beauty has collected around you a swarm of cringing slaves; but they do not love you. How little must you comprehend your own value, if you should become proud in consequence of their attentions! They do not love you, Celia. It is a grosser feeling that animates their rivalry. Each one of your charms in their eyes promises its own peculiar zest, its own peculiar rapture. These suitors regard you in the same light as Eve considered the apple, which appeared to her delightful to the eye, and yet more so to the taste. But *I*, who never saw you with my physical eyes, *I* can only consider you with my mental vision; and this reveals, beneath your earthly form, something more beautiful than beauty itself. Flowers, pictures, and statues I may admire, but this heavenly gift, which elevates your visible presence as much above all other beauties, as an angel excels a butterfly, this divine possession entirely captivates my heart. Without flattering you, (for wherefore should an ethereal lover, a genius, flatter?) I will direct your attention to more noble objects than the untiring worshippers of your youthful charms can place before you. I would wish to inspire your heart with an elevated pride, that will place you far beyond each rosy-cheeked maiden, in whom either nature or education has forgotten to elaborate the chiefest perfection; whose whole history may be summed up in a few words; who bloom, are plucked, and wither. Reflect, that you are advancing to an age, when the world will consider you either with approving or censorious eyes. Your beauty will attract toward you an attention which mere beauty is not worthy of. It is time, therefore, that you should learn the true object of your existence. If the force of sympathy is rightly comprehended by me, reflection is at this moment whispering to your soul that which I now think.

Lovely Celia, the whole world is a shadow; a reflection of immortality, which alone is eternal and divine. Your soul is the image of the Divinity, your person the image of your soul. These colors, these graces, are the lustre with which it invests the body, and by means of which it should effect its proper objects. Beauty is a promise by which the soul is bound to entertain no thought that is not great, noble, and elevating. It is the talisman by which others should be made attentive to the lessons of virtue. For one possessed of beauty should be a tutoress; teaching by the example that she sets. Virtue, which, invested with beauty, moves among man-

kind, enters into their interests and passions, and is plainly to be observed by them; pleases more, touches more tenderly, and drives its arrows deeper into the heart, than when arrayed in all the imposing wisdom of the schools, or in the enchanting diction of a Richardson. Modesty appears more engaging, when it blushes upon lovely cheeks; the expression of feelings that betray a gentle disposition and goodness of heart, sounds more sweetly when proceeding from ruby lips; and how does a beautiful eye enrapture us, when, beaming with earnest, undissembled emotion, it is raised in prayer toward the throne of the Almighty, and the pious reflections that well forth from the devout mind, are revealed with a bright and dazzling splendor in its glances! If wisdom, if innocence, if humility, if the noble sentiments which belief in the religion of Christ induces, operates with all their power upon hearts already softened and overcome by mere personal beauty, how can they do otherwise than admire this higher excellence? And in each elevated soul, from admiration will arise love, from love, emulation. O, Celia! what a benefactress to mankind could you not become! How many fools you might shame, who are not able to believe that unconquerable virtue may reside in a tender heart, at the same time with youth! How many could you not oblige to honor virtue against their will! How many who once feared her, would then, attracted by your charms, view her more closely, and consent to worship at her shrine! How would the mere rarity of the sight attract attention! The world would believe that it was an angel appearing among men, to teach them by example. Then, perhaps, beauty and wisdom, when united, might touch those thoughtless persons who are too foolish to love virtue for its own sake. O, Celia! disappoint not the design of the Creator who formed thee! Do not so employ the graces of your person, that they will be but syrens, inviting us to death!

Forgive, forgive, O, beautiful friend! my honest earnestness. I know that you would rather lose all the lustre of your charms, than that a moral deformity should be concealed behind so beautiful a mask; the venom of the serpent lie hidden beneath the flowers. I see even more. A noble thirst for knowledge flashes from your eyes. An awaking consciousness of the dignity of your own nature, a crowd of lofty presentiments, excite the pulses of your heart. You despise the male insects which flutter around you, in whatsoever garb they may choose to glitter. You long after the applause of the king and ruler of the world, who alone dives into the labyrinth of our inclinations, and alone is fitted to judge of our actions. With how novel a beauty will you enhance our now deformed world! How much will all the friends of virtue love you! What a heaven will that fortunate person, to whom destiny shall award you as a reward for his virtue, find in your possession! How blessed will be the lot of those, whom with maternal care you shall rear in the paths of innocence and virtue! You will be a Byron in your youthful days, and a venerated Shirley, when the hand of time shall whiten your locks; and although age may deprive your cheeks of their roses, it will never be able to efface the harmonious expression of your features.

X. Y. Z.

## TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,  
Another day begun,  
And there thy poised and gilded spear  
Is flashing in the sun,  
Upon that steep and lofty tower  
Where thou thy watch has kept,  
A true and faithful sentinel,  
While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee there has poured  
The summer's noon-day heat,  
And through the long, dark, starless night,  
The winter storms have beat;  
But yet thy duty has been done,  
By day and night the same;  
Still thou hast watched and met the storm,  
Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept  
Along the distant heaven,  
But thou hast watch upon it kept,  
And instant warning given;  
And when midsummer's sultry beams  
Oppress all living things,  
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes  
With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,  
Or twilight's quiet hour,  
The swallows, in their joyous glee,  
Come darting round thy tower,  
As if, with thee, to hail the sun,  
And catch his earliest light,  
And offer ye the morn's salute,  
Or bid ye both — good night.

And when around thee, or above,  
No breath of air has stirred,  
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight  
Of each free, happy bird;  
Till, after twittering round thy head,  
In many a mazy track,  
The whole delighted company  
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if perchance amid their mirth,  
A gentle breeze has sprung,  
And prompt to mark its first approach,  
Thy eager form has swung,  
I've thought I almost heard thee say,  
As far aloft they flew,  
'Now all away! — here ends our play,  
For I have work to do!'

Men slander thee, my honest friend,  
And call thee, in their pride,  
An emblem of their fickleness,  
Thou ever faithful guide!  
Each weak, unstable human mind  
A 'weathercock' they call;  
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind  
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name  
 A by-word for their deeds :  
 They change their friends, their principles,  
 Their fashions, and their creeds ;  
 While thou hast ne'er, like them, been known  
 Thus causelessly to range,  
 But when thou *changest sides*, canst give  
 Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course  
 The thoughtless oft condemn,  
 Art touched by many airs from heaven  
 Which never breathe on them ;  
 And moved by many impulses  
 Which they do never know,  
 Who, 'round their earth-bound circles, plod  
 The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night  
 Thou well hast keep thy trust,  
 And now in glory o'er thy head  
 The morning light has burst :  
 And unto earth's true watcher, thus,  
 When his dark hours have passed,  
 Will come 'the day-spring from on high,'  
 To cheer his path, at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,  
 Still may I think of thee ;  
 And may the lesson thou dost teach,  
 Be never lost on me :  
 But still, in sunshine or in storm,  
 Whatever task is mine,  
 May I be faithful to my trust,  
 As thou hast been to thine.

*Providence, (R. I.) Oct. 13, 1837.*

#### THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

'By Aaron's great golden calf ! Creighton, you are certainly the most unreasonable fellow I ever saw ! Look at the sums I have already furnished ! There they are, all set down in a column, and figured up ; a very pretty interest, truly ! And now you are so unconscionable, as to ask for fifty dollars more, all at once ! Why, you crazy head !—the purse of a millionaire would not stand such drafts !'

'Poh, Buckley ! You moan as if you were going to the gallows, or the rogue's palace, at least.'

'And what else than a prison can a poor fellow expect, when he is run ashore for funds ? Positively, Sir, I cannot spare another cent.'

'But think of the investment, dear Buckley ; and of the solemn fact, that if you cut me now, you will stand a rare chance of losing what has already been expended. In poring over those awkward figures, you seem to have wholly forgotten the object of our enterprise.'

'Oh, surely not that dainty little object ; it fairly makes my mouth water. And I suppose it is 'almost obtained,' yet ? I believe you have told me so for more than a month. Pray, is the day fixed, and are the dresses selected ?'

‘You are uncommonly severe to-night, Buckley.’

‘Severe? God forbid! I was only wondering at the want of energy which you have manifested, in not grasping that which you have so often told me was just within your reach.’

‘Just beyond it, you should recollect, Buckley. I acknowledge that some of our flirtations have proved cursed unfortunate. Who would have thought, now, that that jade of a Milton would flinch, after she had gone so far as to sigh a dozen times, and let me squeeze her dry digitals nearly as many more?’

‘Deuced unlucky, I own, Creighton. But there were the two Middletons.’

‘Another trap, too. There I thought myself sure. The oldest one only put off my suit over one day, when in stepped that rascal of a fellow, and carried her by storm before my eyes. I had a good mind to send him a challenge.’

‘Only you was afraid he would accept.’

‘Enough, Buckley; I know you for an inveterate joker, and friends, you know, must pocket jokes. Were you a stranger now, Buckley, ——’

‘And so unfortunate as to know nothing of the real character of the valiant Captain Creighton, you might presume so far on my scruples, as to send me a challenge. But no matter, you know. Tell us what your prospects are now. Methinks a change of climate might be for the best.’

‘Very likely. Well, let’s see. There’s the Purley — I am dishd there; the Randalls — pretty much gone, too. The old maid out there, and the little imp of ugliness close beside her — by the saints! they are the only two left; and I cannot look at them without thinking it would be a bitter dose to marry either for twice their fortune.’

‘What are their cash values?’

‘The little girl estimated at fifteen thousand, at her father’s death; the old maid ten thousand, certain.’

‘That all? Why, captain, you are reduced to devilish poor picking, sure enough — hardly Hobson’s choice. But to be frank with you, I have made a discovery to-day, that is worth all the rest.’

‘A good fleece, and ready for the shearer?’

‘Eighty thousand — the girl young and handsome — well spiced with romantic notions, and open to flattery. Beside, she has not fifty dangling after her, as she lives very much retired. I have a plan all matured, that cannot fail to make us both. First promise me a third of the profits.’

‘A third! How devilish exorbitant! Why, Buckley, I would see you hanged first.’

‘Well then, Mr. Captain, get any, if you can.’

‘Stop, my friend; don’t be so crusty. You shall have a full quarter.’

‘Nay, old head! — I know you now, methinks. A third free and clear will I have, or you may hunt out the scheme yourself.’

‘Well, Buckley, it’s devilish hard; but you will have your own way. Make the bargain to suit yourself.’

‘You promise? Sign that, then. There, that will do, and now to my story. The prize is situated thirty miles inland. She has a

wary old father, who will prove the most serious obstacle to the undertaking, unless he is well managed. His name is Morton, and a soldier he is, as you would fain be thought. The first difficulty is an introduction. I have managed that. The colonel is a pattern of hospitality, and I have procured a flattering letter of introduction from an old friend, given, by good luck, to one Captain Creighton. Who the deuce the true one is, I do n't know. You can see from the epithets, that it never was intended for you. Who, for instance, ever thought of your 'bravery, and high moral worth?' But no matter. What do you think of the scheme?

'A capital one, by St. George! Give me the rhino, my Buck., and I will lay siege like a good general.'

'A good captain, you mean — home-made and poorly commissioned, but nevertheless quite a good one, taking his personal beauty into account, for a speculator in marriage portions.'

From the few scraps of conversation which have been detailed, something may be gathered concerning the nature of the relation which subsisted between Captain Creighton and his 'dear friend,' Mr. Robert Buckley. It was a limited partnership between two fortune-hunters, whereof the former was the special, and the latter the general partner; the one employing the advantages of a good person and easy address, to secure an heiress, while the other furnished the necessary capital with which to maintain appearances.

Colonel Morton, already alluded to, was an old soldier, who had seen some service, and was now retired upon a large fortune, to devote his attention to the education of an only daughter. While engaged in warfare with the savages upon the frontiers, he had acquired credit for great craftiness, without, however, detracting from a character for honesty and generous feeling. He was fond of a joke, even though himself the subject; and the many of a practical nature which he planned and executed, showed that he had not left all his tact for stratagem in the frontier settlements. Among other things, he well knew that, as she grew up, the beauty and reputed wealth of his only child would attract many suitors. He felt it his duty, and one to which he was prompted by affection, to watch over her, and secure her guileless heart from the thousand snares that would be spread before her. Accustomed to command, his authority over her was supreme; and she was fitted, no less by education than force of habit, to bow in implicit obedience.

Captain Creighton found no difficulty in effecting a lodgment in the elegant mansion of Colonel Morton. Buckley had not exaggerated the reputation of the latter for hospitality; and upon the production of his introductory epistle, the worthy captain was welcomed with all the warmth of an old acquaintance. He was presented to Miss Alice, as an officer in the British service, now on a visit to this country, and as an acquaintance of her father's old friend, Mr. Willoughby, of whom she had often heard him speak. The young lady greeted him in a manner becoming a soldier's daughter, warmly and frankly. In truth, the Englishman had no bad face or figure, as many a belle in the metropolis attested; and his reputation in the profession in which her father had distinguished himself, led him to expect many advantages in attacking the heart of the beautiful Alice.



The Briton tested well the hospitality of the gallant colonel, into whose good graces he so far insinuated himself as to become a somewhat intimate friend and favorite. Military tactics were Morton's hobby, and Creighton could talk flippantly of scenes in the continental wars of Europe. His suit proceeded scarcely less favorably with the lovely daughter. He was indeed somewhat mortified, and thrown aback, by being foiled in one of the strongest points of attack which he had meditated. Unlike most of her countrywomen, he found Alice wholly insensible to very many charms which he could display, as purely English. She deemed it inconsistent with her ardent ideas of patriotism, to pay a whit more respect to a foreigner, than was due to an American. If she allowed a prejudice either way, it was in favor of her own countrymen. The captain, too, was hardly less disappointed in finding her by no means so accessible to flattery as Buckley had represented. Nevertheless, his suit prospered well. He saw with pleasure her entire dependance on the wishes and feelings of her father, and the good quarters which he occupied in his mind, led him to look for assistance from the gallant soldier.

Captain Creighton considered the judicious advances which he had made, as quite successful, and conducive to the end for which he had sought the hospitable roof of his host. One thing only, at length, gave him serious apprehensions. This was the arrival of another visitor, who had, as the captain saw every reason to believe, a design upon the hand and fortune of the young lady. Mr. Wilmot was a young man like himself, and, as he was pained to perceive, possessed of a no less pleasing exterior. He had been once before a visitor at Colonel Morton's, and Creighton noted well the warm reception with which he met from the lovely daughter. Two days had not elapsed, before he discovered that while his rival was near, he could never hope to succeed in a direct attempt upon the affections of Miss Alice. It was then, he thought, high time to bestir himself, if he meant that the prize should not be wrested from his very grasp. He was sure of the ascendancy with her father, and he determined to lose no time in making sure of his approbation, when that of the daughter must necessarily follow. He accordingly sought the first opportunity for conversing with the colonel upon 'the subject nearest his heart.' Nothing could exceed the apparent gratitude with which he received the proposal for uniting his daughter with the kinsman of an English earl. He gave the captain's hand a true soldier's grip, while a tear stood in his eye.

'Receive you, my noble friend!' said he; 'by my soul! Captain, you are just the son-in-law I have always wished to possess; frank and generous. She is yours, Sir, heart and hand.'

'Nay, my good Sir, you do me injustice. The inclinations of the lady must, by all means, be consulted.'

'To be sure, captain, she should not marry against her will; but she will most surely consent. I have thought many times she loved you, by my sword, captain.'

'I can but beg of you,' returned the Briton, afraid lest too much freedom might be given to the wishes of the lady, 'to give your sanction and influence to my suit. I observe with what filial affec-

tion she regards the slightest expression of your wishes and feelings. To know that I had your approbation, might influence while it would not force her.'

'Right, captain,' said Morton, 'and nobly spoken. I will try her to-night; the sooner the better, you know, lest difficulty might arise from that fellow of a Wilmot, who, between you and I, and this bottle of port, captain, I believe to be a veritable fortune-hunter.'

'I have no doubt of it,' said Captain Creighton, chiming in with a remark so suitable to his own ends.

'His own fortune is mere nothing,' continued the colonel, 'and he thinks mine would make a very pretty addition to it. Yours, you told me, was five thousand per annum, which you intend transferring to this country. You shall have forty thousand, as Alice's portion, on the wedding-day, and at my decease, an equal sum will await you. Of course you will desire an early marriage. I shall urge it.'

'I beg you will not mention her fortune, Sir,' said Creighton, yet drinking in his promises with most exquisite pleasure; 'it is the least, nay nothing, of her recommendations. Lest you mistake me for a fortune-hunter, too, I must really decline any, at first, unless a little, perhaps, to meet present wants, until my funds can be safely invested here.'

'By the way,' rejoined his host, 'I think I gathered a hint yesterday, unintentional no doubt on your part, that there was some difficulty in the transmission of your remittances from Europe?'

'Indeed, Sir! — but it is nothing. I shall undoubtedly be in cash again in a few days. At least, I have some funds left in the city yet.'

'I beg you will make free with my purse, captain. A soldier's money, you know, is common stock.'

'Really, colonel, you make me blush. I cannot consent to accept any thing. My present necessities are small, and though it is troublesome to be quite out, I shall be relieved in a week or two, without doubt.'

'Nay, captain, I shall take no refusal. I know well your military pride; but recollect, I too am a soldier, and have seen such times myself.'

'The amount must be small then, my dear Sir; I cannot consent to trouble you for more than fifty dollars — for one week, and no more.'

'Be it so then. There is a check on the bank in the village. You can get it cashed yourself, or send a servant.'

Captain Creighton chose to take a walk and go himself to the village, elated beyond measure at the prospect of complete success in his schemes.

'Could any thing be more cordial,' said he to himself, 'than the reception of the colonel? Right glorious, by my guardian saints! Thanks to my lucky stars, I shall come out whole at last! Forty thousand now, and as much more by and by! Then my English banker shall fail, and my annuity be lost, clear as a whistle! First I must cut Buckley. 'A third!' I would see him in the bottomless pit, ere he should finger a cent of it. I could not so wrong my good friend, the colonel, as to give that scape-gallows an independence.'

Musing thus, Captain Creighton entered the banking-house to cash his check. What was his surprise at receiving in answer, from the proper officer, that not a cent could be paid on it. 'Colonel Morton had no funds in deposit.'

'Colonel Morton no funds here!'

'Not a cent,' said the cashier: 'he has already over-drawn some thousands; and we have learned this week that he is utterly bankrupt.'

'A bankrupt!' exclaimed the captain, in unfeigned astonishment and horror.

'I hope he does not owe you, Sir?'

'A mere trifle, Sir,' returned Creighton, composing himself, he knew not exactly how: 'I thought he was estimated wealthy.'

'So he was, Sir; and until this week, his name was good for thousands. He has been engaged in some heavy speculations, which have proved unsuccessful, and which will draw all he is worth, if not much more.'

Strong was the contrast in Creighton's feelings as he entered and as he left the banking-house. The bubble was burst, and all his hopes blasted.

'Strange beyond measure! The fates seem combined against me. I must off to-night to town, and see Buckley — and upon the whole, I believe it would not be right to cut him so suddenly. The speculation was of his own planning, though, thank heaven! and he must bear the loss. Strange that Colonel Morton should fail! I understand now why he would urge a speedy marriage. The old fellow thought I had a fortune, and so planned to palm her off before I should learn that they were pennyless. That would have been 'biter bit,' by my soul!'

Mr. Wilmot still remained at Colonel Morton's, an honored guest. Only a few days after the abrupt departure of Creighton, he sought an interview with the old soldier, and in modest terms requested the hand of his daughter. Alice, he said, had smiled upon his suit, and but awaited the consent of her father to unite her fate with his.

'My consent,' said the colonel, 'cannot be refused, when Alice fixes her affections upon one so worthy as Mr. Wilmot. But, Sir, a soldier's character should be marked by frankness. I deem it my duty to say, that if with Miss Morton you expect to marry an heiress, you will be very much mistaken.'

'Colonel Morton,' replied the other, 'has very much misunderstood my character, if he imagines I sought the hand of an heiress and not that of Miss Morton.'

'I beg of you to comprehend me. It is quite poetical and romantic, I know, to disclaim all thoughts of fortune in love affairs. But I must say, I do not deem them unworthy of consideration. He who proposes marriage to a lady with a fortune, is entitled to a release if she loses it.'

'Allow me, colonel, to differ from you. It is not romance, or poetry alone that forbids the making of marriage a matter of bargain — of profit and loss —'

'I will not reason the point with you,' rejoined the colonel; 'but

I deem it my duty to inform you of the true state of my affairs. You are aware that I have ventured deep in speculation; and I have this week learned that it has been not only unsuccessful, but has involved me deeply beside. A draft for three thousand dollars has this moment been returned from the bank protested, and for want of that sum, I fear I must go to jail, as the creditor is inexorable.'

'To jail!' exclaimed Wilmot. 'Colonel Morton a bankrupt! Is it possible you speak the truth?'

'Too true, I assure you, Sir. My house and establishment are all under attachment for a large sum.'

Wilmot walked away, while the colonel watched narrowly the effect of this announcement. Screened within a recess by a curtain, the former found a pen and ink, and taking a blank from his pocket, he drew upon his banker for the sum of three thousand dollars, to the order of Colonel Morton. Advancing, he laid the paper before the latter.

'Mr. Wilmot,' said the soldier, evidently surprised, 'do you know what you do? I am already involved beyond my means, and can never return a dollar of it. I really, Sir, cannot be so bad as to accept it.'

'Stay, Colonel Morton,' said Wilmot; 'I will take no refusal. With your own and Alice's consent, already gained, I intend yet to become your son-in-law. Think you I could, think you Alice could, rejoice at a wedding, while you were in jail?'

The veteran started to his feet, and rang the bell for his daughter. He paced the room in silence until she entered. Pausing, he placed her hand in that of Wilmot, while his manly countenance gleamed with an expression of heart-felt joy.

'Children, you have my blessing. He is worthy of you, Alice; I have tried him. Strive but to be as worthy of him. You, Sir, will pardon the jealous care of a father over his child. I have played upon you this trick, that your worth might be tested; and thank God! I have found a son-in-law who is not wanting in weight. My fortune is yet whole, and shall never be ventured in rash speculation. That gallant rascal Creighton sued for your hand, Alice, and I tried him in the same scale. He kicked the beam, and went off with a flea in his ear. I had no doubt of you, Wilmot; but you are generous enough to forgive an old soldier's stratagem.'

The same day, Colonel Morton laughed heartily over the following paragraph, in an evening paper:

'An Englishman, calling himself CAPTAIN CREIGHTON, who has spent some time in great style in this city, was yesterday arrested at his hotel, on the suit of a London house. His real name is BENTLEY. Managing some business for the house just mentioned, he became a defaulter and forger to a large amount, and fled to this country. The money has been spent in display, under his military title.' W. A. B.

#### THE LIKENESS.

How like is this picture!—you'd think that it breathes:  
What life! what expression! what spirit!  
It wants but a tongue: 'Alas!' said the spouse,  
'That want is its principal merit!'

## THE COTTER'S WIFE.

'Oh lovers' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing!'

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

Ay, Walter Lee, we're growing old !  
Our hair is silver gray ;  
Yet heart to heart still beats as true,  
As in our love's first day.

In love's first day, when 'midst them all,  
The lads of Langley Place,  
Your bonnet bore the proudest plume,  
Your plaid the bravest grace.

Your eye's now dim, yet once to me  
It seemed as heaven's sun,  
That sends a pulse of joy through all  
It looks and laughs upon.

And I — am old, and it may not  
Shame this worn cheek to tell,  
From bonnie lassies all, ye wont  
To say, I bore the bell.

Ay thou 'your Rose' hast 'clept me oft,  
And e'er would 'count, because  
The Rose, the sweetest flower of all,  
Ne kenn'd how sweet she was.

Oh, Walter Lee, mind ye the night,  
When 'neath the elder tree,  
We watched the moonlight in the rill  
That sang along the lea :

When Jenny stood beside us there —  
Poor Jenny there stood by ;  
(I doubt not, dear, she's gone to be  
An angel in God's sky :)

And there beneath the elder leaves,  
So pleasant stood we three,  
Jenny — her eye danced with the wave,  
But yours talked love to me.

And when a cloud fell on us all,  
That Jenny nought might guess,  
Without consent, ye stole more near,  
Your lips on mine to press.

But as the light shone broadly out,  
And Jenny clambered low,  
To fill her lap with glittering stones,  
White in the moon as snow ;

Ye, cunning man, ye were so bold,  
Me locked so close to ye,  
Cheek touching cheek, I was sore 'feared  
She'd perk around, and see.

Perk 'round and see, and tell it home,  
Where the wee bairns would leer;  
And say they kenn'd my Jo, with things  
My cheeks burnt red to hear.

That was a time!—then youth was green,  
And life a merry-make;  
I trow ye've not forgot how oft  
I've made your heart sore ache.

But lassie aye will have her way,  
And play her gleeful part,  
To flout her love-friend with her eye,  
And fond him with her heart.

I doubt not, Walter, but ye mind  
The spree on Cuthbert-Green,  
When with the laird of Langley-Hall  
Full hour I danced, I ween.

And ye turned on your heel, 'If I  
The laird liked best,' ye said,  
'Ye soon could find some lassie glad  
A round with ye to tread.'

And so, so gay ye trod that round,  
And looked in soul so light,  
And danced your best, that I might see  
Ye were not one to slight;

That soon, fool thing, my heart misgave,  
I said, your mind to prove,  
'The laird is scarce so light of foot  
As some that I wot of.'

Since then, for many a summer's sun,  
Have we in troth-plaint been,  
And well-a-day! some cark and wo,  
(For best no doubt,) we've seen.

But Walter, dear, ye've been to me  
So faithful and so true,  
Mine eye that could not choose but weep,  
Could smile through all for you.

When black-eyed John, your likeness, drooped,  
And was to God up-took,  
Ye whispered peace unto my heart,  
Although your own was broke.

And now we're ganging to the grave,  
The fearful, darksome land;  
But simple souls need fear no scath,  
Hand locked full fast in hand.

Ay, Walter Lee, we're old, we're old!  
Our hair is silver gray;  
Yet heart to heart still beats as true,  
As in our love's first day.



## INTERCEPTED LETTERS FROM A SENSITIVE BRITON.

## LETTER ONE.\*

MY DEAR RUNNYMEDE:

New-York, . . . . ., 1837.

Six long months have elapsed, to this hour, since, as I stood stretching my organs of vision from the front windows of Meurice's Hotel, Paris, I caught the last glimpse of a travelling equipage, which was conveying no less a distinguished personage than yourself to the shores of that privileged country, where, clad in the panoply of the most dazzling abilities, and rich in the recollections of the heroic past, you have since acquired a name, that shall live as long as the emblazoned memory of your stupendous literary exploits.

Alas! what a totally different course did the everlasting chain of fate compel *me* to pursue! Had an angel descended from the loftiest heaven, and told me then, that the brief space of six revolving moons would have caused such an astounding change, both as regards our respective latitudes, and our social position, I should have deemed him the veriest dunce that ever attempted to startle our weaker senses with prophetic dreams. This you will of course attribute to that want of ambitious energy, and due appreciation of literary distinction, with which you were wont to taunt me, in happy days of yore. Alas! say rather, that my mind, like that of poor Collins, (forgive the presumptuous comparison!) being cast in too common a mould to admit of my concentrating my faculties upon any fixed object, I possess, therefore, little or no capacity for the prosecution of those splendid schemes, which have at once illumined your hermitage in solitude, and flattered your pride in the season of success.

\* We had opened, late one evening, our port-folio, for 'copy,' at the instance of an ambassador-imp from that 'hazy cave of Trophonius,' the printing-office, and were revolving over in our mind which of two clever articles to choose, when in walked, without knocking, our old friend ASMOEUS, bearing in his hand an opened letter. With 'ful gret solempnite,' he advanced, and laying it before us, said: 'I was amidst the passengers of the late outward-bound packet, when they gathered around the contents of the letter-bag, while the captain assorted them. I selected, and have brought you, this epistle. I know what it contains. Print it; for it will effect a work of good. I shall come again.' And so saying, the sententious, business-like Shade vanished from the apartment. We obey the voice which sounded soft and low in our ears on that memorable night.

The deportment of many of our countrymen while abroad, glanced at in the present letter, is not a new topic. We have heard several native travellers, on their return from Europe, animadvert upon it; and an observant American tourist, with whom our readers are already favorably acquainted, bestows, in a work now passing through the press, the following judicious advice, suggested by the same contemptible propensity in question:

'Without presuming to give a homily on manners, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two hints to my young countrymen, touching their general deportment abroad — viz: If you would win respect and confidence in good society, especially in England, *preserve your republican simplicity of character*. Be straight-forward and unassuming in your manner, and honest, free, and at the same time unobtrusive, in the expression of your opinions. If you wish to make yourself ridiculous, the best course is, to cringe to rank and wealth; affect mysterious importance and reserve; and slander, either in word or practice, your own country and her institutions. Do not deem these hints intrusive: they are certainly well meant. I have seen many instances, and heard of more, in which prejudice and disgust have been excited against the whole American people, by this sort of conduct on the part of their representatives. Such consequential airs, if they ever do introduce you to high life, will only sooner or later bring you into contempt. An American who conducts himself as a patriotic and gentlemanly American should do, has no reason to be ashamed of his name or nation. He belongs to Nature's nobility; and to a country unequalled in extent, beauty, and natural advantages, by any on earth. On the other hand, avoid the too common practice of continually referring to it by invidious comparisons, or lofty boasts. 'A word to the wise.' EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

Beside, your absence, unlooked for as it had been, and only occasioned by the éclat of your marvellous productions, left a hiatus in my heart, which no extraneous charm or consolation could fill up. I could think of nothing but of our untoward separation. Oh that word separation! What a chill and drear sound it has! It comes between us and our happiness like a ravenous kite, and tears asunder, with one dreadful wrench, all the ties of tenderness and love!

But Nature, whatever may be the quality of your draught upon her, is capable of a certain amount of endurance only; and as I lay one day stretched on an easy couch, in luxurious indolence, like a puritanical Sardanapalus, striving to resist the narcotic influence of an enervating atmosphere, a flash from the reviving embers of my dormant energies suddenly shot athwart my cerebral chamber, and forthwith my passions were roused to the utmost verge of active sympathy. Weary of seeing thousands of idle faces daily buzzing about me, and yet live,

—— ‘Like a lonely bird,  
Wailing unheeded in a vast sea-cave,’

I resolved to get into good humor with the world again, even at the hazard of beholding the premature subversion of all plea for turning misanthrope. Collision with society is, after all, I fear, the only antidote against bile — a species of mental carbonate of soda, which causes a gentle degree of acetous fermentation, by which the superabundance of acid is either carried off, or neutralized.

It was during my subsequent intercourse with the gay circles of the French metropolis, that I became acquainted with those rare transatlantic specimens of female loveliness, whose rainbow-like glances had not unfrequently detracted from the singleness of your own pursuits, and bereft your eyelids of their proportionate share of vacancy. Through their gracious intercession, I soon found myself on a footing of intimacy with almost every American of standing and quality then in Paris.

You may remember how forcibly, for the last eight years, your American predilections had gained upon me, and how rapidly I was veering round to your own point of the compass, when the wholesome severities of Mrs. Trollope's criticisms, and the amusing impertinences of the *ci-devant* Fanny Kemble, made me wish to be placed in a position where I might sagely try conclusions of my own on the subject.

The accomplishment of this project, however, I found more thickly beset with difficulties than Sancho Panza's attempts at repletion, with Doctor Don Periwig Snatchaway by his side; for, notwithstanding that there were assembled in Paris, at this period, nearly two thousand Americans of wealth and influence, who entered freely into all the harmless frivolities of the season, and thus supplied me with excellent opportunities for contemplating new modifications of intellect and character, yet such is the melancholy diffidence exhibited by most Americans, when from home, particularly on the continent of Europe, and under the benign influence of daily condescension from the proud, the powerful, and the noble, that instead of those spontaneous ebullitions of patriotism, which I expected their

conversation to be tinctured with, and which, when emanating from a pure and untainted heart, are attractive in the highest degree, I generally found, that even when *I* attempted to celebrate the panegyric of the illustrious names their country had given to deck the scrolls of fame, or to applaud the tendency of those institutions, wherein was contained the safeguard of their political independence, my observations were considered officious and intrusive; my conscientious enthusiasm mawkish and jejune.

It has always been my opinion, that a man must be painfully deficient in those organs which assist deglutition, whose palate is unsusceptible of being tickled with condiments of domestic produce; and had I not known that the deepest-seated passion is sometimes the last to reveal itself, I should have looked upon this philosophical exemption from national predilections, on the part of travelled Americans abroad, as put on, more from a puerile love of singularity, than from a plausible desire to exemplify the beauty of self-denial. But, heaven forbid that I should be betrayed into disparaging conclusions, by attributing these seeming abdications of pristine character to that increasing prostitution of mind and feeling, whereby some men now-a-days are rendered either too wise or too cunning, to deem themselves sufficiently respectable, for what they actually are.

That the Americans are a great people, we all know. That they have achieved great things, England and Louis Philippe can best testify. That a universal tribute of respect is yielded to them, by every civilized potentate, from pole to pole, the studied deference paid to the American flag, throughout the navigable seas, can also give evidence. In what language, then, shall I celebrate the meek-mindedness of those individuals, who, (undeterred by the narrow scruples of petty intellects, and stimulated only by that estimable passion for imitation, so beautifully eulogized by Burke,) not only deny themselves every participation in that pride of country which should be deeply rooted in the heart of every free-born American, but, in the true spirit of a timid philanthropist, ashamed of being detected in the performance of a charitable action, virtually doff the mantle of identity, to make discovery less probable! Lord Brougham's abjuration of every privilege and prerogative pertaining to his noble order, was nothing to this!

Philosophy, in this case, is, as you may perceive, a sort of neutral ground, where duty, principle, and convenience, meet in amity; exchange civilities, and then shake hands and part.

This, after all, strikes me as being part of your own wise doctrine of enjoyment, which consists in the purchase of our pleasures at the expense of temporary restraint. Happy, indeed, is the man, who possesses a Proteus-like faculty of self-transmigration into all the contraries that teem within the real, as well as the ideal world! from the forlorn and mossy cell of the contemplative anchorite, to the gay and richly-carpeted halls of pompous royalty! — from the silvery beam that unfolds to our view some lonely valley, by distance mellowed, and with Bulwer's fairies dancing in the midst, to the ray that gleams upon the hellish features of Beldame Hecate, in the Acherontic pit.

But to return: It is somewhere told of an eccentric Hibernian

dramatist, that having betted somewhat heavily on the success of one of his feeblest productions, he disguised himself in his servant's habiliments, and, muffled up to the very nose, went into the pit of the Dublin theatre, where, after suffering a scene or two of his play to pass without remark or interruption, he gradually raised such a din of mingled yells and hisses, that the rest of the audience, actuated partly by a spirit of contradiction, and partly by a feeling of commiseration with the unknown author of the piece, got up on their side a still more violent hubbub of applause, which only ended, by causing the delighted dramatist to be triumphantly pelted out of the house, and in securing to the play, which would otherwise have been condemned as tame and spiritless, a successful career of thirty nights.

The application of this trifling anecdote may not, at first, appear so obvious, as to render it unnecessary to interpret the writing on the wall; but certain it is, that the conduct of Americans abroad, both as regards their efforts at self-degradation, and their vaunted want of sympathy for those political and social institutions at home, to which they owe their aggregate aggrandizement, as well as their individual prosperity, would seem at least to justify the reversion of the proverb, that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and to encourage the generous assumption, '*Qu'ils se reculer pour mieux sauter.*'

I am now at no loss to understand why it is, that out of so many hundreds of opulent Americans, who yearly traverse the Atlantic in pursuit of pleasure and excitement, so very few perform that voyage by way of Great Britain.

In London, social distinctions are so exquisitely drawn, and the threshold of titled exclusiveness is so unapproachable by the uninitiated, that before an American can obtain access to that sphere of enchantment, he would have to undergo a series of ordeals, as full of hazardous adventures as the hair-breadth 'scapes of those valiant knights, who, in the renowned era of chivalry, had manifold monsters to exterminate, enchantments to dissolve, and castles to demolish, ere they could attain the object promised by some benevolent fairy. Other circles there are, we have no doubt, where a more liberal state of feeling prevails, and where such Americans as are willing to violate their modesty, by resting their claims to hospitable attentions on their own intrinsic merits, might rely upon being received with approving smiles of familiarity and benevolence. The first of these circles is in itself a concentration of all that is most intellectual and high-minded among our aristocracy. In it, a ready facility in giving animation to social intercourse rarely fails to elevate even an unpedigreed stranger in the proudest estimation of its members. In it, fashion learns the value of wit, and wit requires the polish of fashion; plebeian talent attains refinement by constant communion with rank, and rank is taught the exercise of intellect from habitual contact with its humbler ally. The next circle, although not graced with high-sounding names, does nevertheless possess a dignity and refinement of its own, so as to be frequently enlivened by that unfading festivity of mind, which places its members at an immeasurable distance from the heartless enjoyments and trifling pleasures of a more ordinary society.

And yet, notwithstanding these bright indications of a sympathizing

and appreciating spirit, there is a something in our social atmosphere which your thorough-going American *gentleman* can scarcely breathe without repugnance and mortification. The same emotions are sometimes felt by modest females, on joining a *corps-de-ballet* for the first time, although the faultless symmetry of their limbs might well justify the existence of a bolder feeling.

No person of royal lineage, travelling under the auspices of an humble cognomen, could evince more querulous sensitiveness on the subject of apprehended recognition, than I have seen several of these 'genteel' Americans exhibit, while writhing under the infliction of those categorical inquiries, and incessant 'harpings on my daughter,' in which it is the peculiar propensity of our national genius to indulge: and as among us this tone of impertinent inquisitiveness pervades all classes of society, to the utter discomfiture of those arts, behind which the timid and the bashful meritoriously seek to screen the solidity of their advantages, it is no wonder that American travellers, who are daily becoming proverbial for their magnanimous relinquishment of all importance borrowed from national greatness, should avoid sojourning among a race of people where these elevated sentiments, however enigmatical in themselves, are as little felt as they are understood.

Paris, therefore, being almost the only place where the incongruities of character and of conduct never lack toleration, becomes the most eligible point of attraction, where those sauntering Americans, who are too refined in their notions to follow the respectable vocations of their industrious parents, do yearly congregate: and no one can have resided long in that focus of noise and falsehood, of hollow joy and real sorrow, without having had opportunities of remarking, at some time or other, with what amiable disinterestedness of feeling these listless sons of luxury strive to parry off, and render altogether abortive, every compliment which is directed either to their country, or to those men who have grown to eminence in her service. Even Niagara, I have heard described by native commentators in terms of actual detraction; and on several occasions, when I professed myself unable to understand how so many delicate shades of respectability, (the boast of all Americans on the continent,) could exist in the social organization of a community which owed its very existence, as a nation, to the promulgation and support of doctrines diametrically hostile to the assumption of social as well as political superiority, I was positively assured that there were circles so superfine in structure and complexion, that not even the President of the United States could obtain admission to them!

My views being thus enlarged by this invaluable supply of information, and my sensitive pride less apprehensive of offence, in contemplating exhibitions of republican equality, austereness, and gloom, I resolved that my favorite scheme, of visiting these free and blessed realms, which had so long suffered from inanity and indecision, should be carried into operation immediately.

Well! — in spite of that prostrating feeling of melancholy, which is attached to quitting any place wherein we have long experienced familiar and habitual associations, there is nevertheless a no less strange,

fascinating, miserable delight, in calling at a stated hour to take final leave of our friends. The many expressions of regret at our departure; the reiterated hopes that our absence may not be long protracted; the oft-repeated promises that our name will ever remain registered in the faithful repository of some beloved creature's memory; are so soothing, and so gratifying to our vanity, that it is almost worth while to pass our lives in periodical desertions of home, country, and well-tried friends, in order frequently to task the cherished overflowings of the human heart. It is but too true, that the most solemn asseverations of friendship prove often as evanescent as the breath which gives them utterance; and that while you are fancying that the inward sigh of memory is arising in your favor, you are, *de facto*, serenely sliding away down the stream of oblivion. But then, as men and women are the mere types of human mutability, you should receive all that they profess on such occasions, as bearing the stamp and impress of truth; and then endeavor not only to forget all and every thing, but to dream away the very consciousness of your former self. This is the truest way of applying the laws of philosophy to passing events, with judgment and success.

Whether it was this felicitous process of thought which so completely revolutionized the tide of my feelings, on hearing our captain issue orders for weighing anchor, or that the extreme mobility of our nature, always yielding to present impressions, forces the mind into transitions at once sudden and complete, and renders us the mere dependants on geographical situations, I cannot tell; but this I know, that no sooner had I given myself up to reflection upon the greatness and majesty of that nature, which at sea more than any where else astonishes with her grandeur, and overwhelms us with her might, all the tumult and contention of this actual life faded into a rapidly-dying murmur behind me. It was certainly one of those nights which create a paradise of thought, transporting our every feeling to a true elysium of enjoyment; and if I could but have followed my imagination in that path of wonders, and clothed in simple, transparent language that succession of bright images which fluttered about me on that occasion; if I had possessed that mastery over expression, which alone can enable the poet to mould the inspirations of fancy into forms of loveliness and beauty, how many glorious creations would my teeming brain have produced! But as I belong to that maudlin race of sentimentalists, who can only feel without being able to explain, the influences acting on their minds, or to disclose those secrets which spring up from amid the great mysteries of their own souls, I shall spare myself the trouble of dabbling in the Castalian fount, and you the uncovetable distinction of being splashed with the result of my labors.

Suffice it for you to know, that after the usual quota of adverse winds, and terrific hurricanes, during which the bravest appetites were destroyed, and the stoutest stomachs unhinged, we at last reached the land of Columbus, which a gratuitous solecism in nomenclature has caused to be misnamed America.

On disembarking at New-York, I met with a little incident which



went far toward realizing all the wonders I had heard touching the alleged contempt of personal safety, which so proudly characterizes the Americans, when even life is set in base competition with property, or the hope of gain. As our packet had come up the river within two hundred rods of the first landing-place, I surrendered myself at discretion to the guidance of the most humane-looking individual I could discern, among a noisy crew of boatmen that had dropped alongside, and were now pestering every body on board ship with their vociferous offers of service. Scarcely had I squatted myself down upon the tattered garment, which the boatman had politely spread out for my especial comfort, than, with a dashing stroke of the oar, he darted off at a racing rate of speed, which the impulsive power of a steam engine could hardly have accelerated; but before we had proceeded more than half-way, a huge steamer, of the true trans-atlantic breed, and the largest I had ever beheld, with a migratory flock of half-starved dutchmen on board, gained so fearfully upon us, that finding the serene imperturbability of my companion was not likely to be disturbed by a less catastrophe than a complete immersion in the briny wave, I involuntary ventured to suggest to him the propriety of sneaking under the stern of a bulky ship, which lay at anchor near the wharf. 'I guess I won't!' was the laconic reply; and the next moment, the ambulatory volcano swept, roaring and splashing, so close by us, that for several seconds it was impossible to say whether our little vessel had been swamped altogether, or only partially flooded by the swell. Fortunately, the fates were satisfied with awarding to us no worse result than a severe drenching. Remonstrance would only have served to draw upon myself a volley of abuse and vituperation: leaving, therefore, this valiant son of freedom to the enjoyment of his own frothy conceits, I leaped on shore, comparatively improved in mind, if not in body, by this important accession of knowledge and experience.

On receiving this somewhat tardy communication, you will no doubt inquire, in what fitful quarter is the moon, thus to have stirred me to the scribbling mood, after a pertinacious silence of so many months. The fact is, that I was unwilling to venture even a vague hypothesis on mere external indications of character; being well aware that when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily take forms from the imagination; and that unless we take time to analyze the passions by which the mind is agitated, and ascertain the reciprocal relation of its apparently inconsistent ideas, one is too apt, either to conjure up a splendid array of flattering exaggerations, and produce beau ideals of beauty and perfection, resembling those graceful sylphs of the air, the lovely creations of Westall; or, like Fuseli, to dip the brush in darker tints, and bring forth hideous monsters of deformity, whose prototypes, it is to be hoped, never existed, save in the wild, chaotic brain of that extravagant, though highly-gifted artist.

I have since discovered, however, that this punctilious observance of the rule is almost supererogatory; for, to judge from the avidity with which works containing incidents of scandal, colored with skill and address, and clothed in a style of vivacity and happy self-satisfaction, are read in the fashionable community of New-York, by the gay and the grave, the wise, the sober, and the profound; the

professed lover of truth, and the skeptic; it would seem that the world *is* equally averse here, as it is elsewhere,

‘To all the truth it sees or hears,  
But swallows nonsense and a lie,  
With greediness and gluttony.’

That ridicule, in this country, is more powerful than reason, may be gathered from this fact, that the brilliant conceptions of native genius have all but vanished from every boudoir and drawing-room, to make way for the imperishable productions of ‘Pickwick,’ or some elaborate lucubration on Animal Magnetism; while the puerile common places of the ‘Journal,’ and the soporiferous mixtures of Miss Martineau, have caused men entirely to forget that Stuart’s judicious and dispassionate strictures on America ever had a local habitation and a name, among the things that be. He whose turn of mind inclines him to behold things in a ludicrous point of view, is alone sure to succeed in commanding attention; but if he have the art of making his readers suppose that it is not their own character, but that of their neighbors, to whom his sarcasm refers, oh! then he may prepare his notes and additions; for nothing can stem the impetuous career of his popularity. No wonder, therefore, that so many writers, should seize on all they can, with the blind, reckless grasp of the drowning, in utter violation of the sanctities of truth and decorum.

I have a series of sketches and episodes in store, which, if not so fertile in incident and character as those which our own metropolis affords, will at least, from their novelty, serve to beguile your leisure hours. My next may perhaps contain a slight sprinkling of such; meanwhile, as you must be aware that my orbit is decidedly eccentric, you will not expect any thing like method, or consistency of narrative, in my descriptions; and should that interesting personage, called *self*, be found rising too often on the surface, or seeking to crowd the vacancy of expectation with too great a multitude of its own frigid conceits, you are also supplicated to remember, that my mind, having been almost entirely shaken from its equilibrium by this novel transition of scenes, will not be brought to attend assiduously to any thing but its own thoughts, or rather feelings, which constantly rise to the surface, whatever be the pursuit which actually occupies me; scattered and refracted in a thousand ways, but still retaining the same image, as the agitated waters insensibly produce the same reflection, however broken and disjointed. OMBRA.

#### TIME’S TELESCOPE.

Time’s telescope more wonderful appears  
E’en than his scythe, and deeper truths conveys;  
His tube prospective lengthens days to years—  
Reversed, our years it shortens into days!  
Then ponder well the substance, and the sum  
Of what, unscanned, a contradiction seems;  
Valued aright, compared with time to come,  
Time past is but the wealth of him that dreams.

## THE SACRIFICE.

THE shades of even gather thick and fast,  
 Within the Temple of the Living God;  
 And now the trumpet peals a thrilling blast,  
 And now the beaming torches flash abroad;  
 While fresher incense, on the altar cast,  
 Burns fragrantly; and sacred voices laud,  
 In tuneful chaunt, with harp and psalttery,  
 The presence of the mystic One in Three.

Silver and pearl, in all their gorgeous sheen,  
 Give back the splendor of the torches' glow;  
 And mingling in the brightness of the scene,  
 A thousand precious gems their colors throw:  
 Columns of gold, with garlands wreath'd between,  
 Flash, as the censer passes to and fro;  
 And the arch'd wings of smiling cherubs meet,  
 In mute communion, o'er the mercy-seat.

Now sinks the music of the vesper hymn,  
 And the loud trumpet's notes are heard no more;  
 While on the altar-stone the light grows dim,  
 And the fast-waning torches faintly pour  
 Their dreamy light. The golden scraphim  
 On living pinions seems to hover o'er;  
 And mortal lips are still, but a low sound  
 Of angel-voices fills the air around.

Pure as the wintry snow on Carmel's height,  
 A gentle heifer at the altar stands;  
 No spot of darkness mars her virgin white,  
 Nor roves her equal 'mid the lowing bands  
 On Jordan's banks: her eye is darkly bright;  
 And as the pontiff sternly lays his hands  
 Upon her head, she meekly strives to bow,  
 And lick the hand that binds her gentle brow.

A moment more; the knife is rais'd on high;  
 And deeper silence fills the temple wide;  
 While on the victim rests each straining eye,  
 And, as the weapon rends her shrieking side,  
 And a low wailing sound of agony  
 Comes with the welling of the crimson tide,  
 A trembling shudder darkly flits along,  
 And a low groan bursts from the mingled throng!

Now wood is on the altar; cedars fair,  
 From the dark forest wilds of Lebanon;  
 And myrrh and hyssop mingle sweetly there;  
 As the fresh flames along their branches run,  
 Bends every knee, bows every heart in prayer,  
 For lo! the evening offering is begun;  
 And, from the choir, the wildly-chaunted strain  
 Of Priest and Levite loudly comes again.

And must the blood of innocence be spilt,  
 For deeds of dark transgressors to atone?  
 And must the hope of pardoning love be built  
 Upon the sufferings of the pure alone?  
 O! Holy God! thus, for a world's deep guilt,  
 Was shed the blood of thine eternal Son!  
 Thus, from the stain of sin to set us free,  
 Its precious flood was pour'd on Calvary!

*Wilmington, (Del.), December, 1837.*

HACK VON STRETCHER.

## A CRY AND PRAYER

AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.

THE Persian Cyrus, it seems, learned nothing, when a child, but to ride, shoot, and speak the truth; which, Sir Walter Scott told Mr. Irving, was all he had taught his sons.

A better education, be sure, than most boys get, in this time of books, and country of schools!

Because a boy's great business is TO GROW—to develope, form, and harden his expanding frame into something like its natural perfection; and thus lay the foundation of health, strength, and long life. This Nature very plainly intimates, by the energy wherewith she is continually impelling him to active out-door exercises. These mature, in the best manner possible, his whole organization; engaging his mind in sympathetic activity with his body; in observation, recollection, comparison, description of things—with practical experiments, devices, and constructions.

While his body and mind are thus acquiring hardihood and activity, and filling out their natural proportions, teach him to speak the truth; and what is he not, by the time he becomes a big boy, that the son of a king, or of any honest man, ought to be?

His whole organization is so fairly set forward, in a healthful development, that nothing, short of the act of God, can now arrest it. He can endure reasonable confinement and application, without injury or discomfort. He is eager for knowledge; for he has never been drugged or surfeited with it—of kinds that he could not relish, or in quantities that he could not digest. What he has learned, he has learned naturally, and has enjoyed, both in acquisition and in possession. Learning, in his experience, is pure pleasure and gain. And with the increased self-command, and power of reflection, that years have given him, he is now ready to proceed to more systematic study, with a natural appetite and capacity; and with physical stamina, adequate to sustain mental action.

How different a creature, at the same age, is he, too often, who was sent, before he could go alone, to an *Infant School*; and has been kept, 'cabined, cribbed, confined—bound in by saucy doubts and fears'—six, seven, or eight hours a day, on a school-house bench, and in a school-house atmosphere, year after year, up to the age of twelve or fourteen! *What does the boy know?* Very little, certainly, of the world about him. Very little of actual nature, in her various shapes, aspects, and phenomena. He has very little of that experimental knowledge and practical skill, which the curiosity and quick sensations of boyhood so peculiarly fit it to acquire, in social sports, bold exercises, and habitual intimacy with the elements and seasons—earth and air—and their growths and creatures. But he can read, write, and cipher. He knows the English for some Latin and French words, it may be; and can repeat, *memoriter*, certain scientific facts and rules; which (and especially their application) he cannot, in the nature of things, fairly understand. For this, *he has been made a pining prisoner half the waking hours of his life*; and is now left, at the most critical epoch of his constitu-

tion, more or less *pale, crooked, feeble, under-sized, nervous, and timid*. Commonly, he can neither walk, dance, run, ride, swim, fight, or speak — well. He has acquired little or none of that vigor, dexterity, and grace, in the use of his limbs and organs, which exercise, while the frame is flexible, alone can give; and this, very probably, occasions a disuse of bodily exercise, for life: because no man takes pleasure in doing habitually what he does ill, after the season for learning to do it well is gone by.

Now is it possible, that while this poor boy's body has been thus afflicted and reduced, his mind has been a real gainer? Must it not be the ultimate sufferer? Probably one of two things has happened. Either confinement, and attempted application to studies in which he cannot engage himself — for nature never meant he should — have so disgusted his feelings, and cowed his spirits, that he learns nothing; and, what with vacuity and dreary inaction, his mind gradually stultifies over his books, and contracts an immortal aversion, and almost incapacity, for study; or he becomes what is called, in school, a 'good scholar;' that is: his nature yields to the violence that is done her; gradually withdraws her vital forces from their proper work of feeding and corroborating his whole growth, and concentrates them on the brain; maintaining it in that morbid activity, to which it has been wrought up by constant stimulation of his ambition.

Thus, what the poor fellow is praised and congratulated for effecting, in such a case, amounts usually to this — that he has resisted the strongest impulses of his boyish nature — impulses, the obedience to which, and the acting them out, alone could mature that nature into manhood — he has defeated them: he has reduced his little frame to quiet subjection, and a slow growth — paled his cheek, slackened his pulse, tamed his heart — fixed that clear eye, and bent the arch of that open brow, and excited the mysterious organ behind it to a morbid and premature activity, that consumes those vital energies, which are needed for the development of his whole system. How certain, that this precocious mental action, after exhausting the very means of establishing permanent organic power, must be succeeded by a momentous *réaction*, which leaves a majority of these childish prodigies with an over-wrought, languid mind, to accompany a feeble body, through the studies of youth, and the labors of manhood.

Why then, my dear madam — allow me to inquire — why need your son, for the first six or seven years of his life, ever open a book? A startling query, truly! in this incomparable nineteenth century of ours, which has repeatedly resolved itself to be greater and better than all the eighteen (not to say fifty or sixty) that have gone before it, could they be lumped in one — this age, that has brought cant and humbug, as well as some better things, to an unprecedented perfection, (and, a word in your ear, madam — education-twattle is its pet cant, and baby-schools and baby-books its pet humbug,) — in such an age, a saucy query mine, truly! But, I pray you, answer, or at least consider it, fair lady. 'Tis put, believe me, quite in earnest, and with cordial good intent. Why need your little darling open a book? He can learn nothing that he cannot learn in a hundredth part of the time hereafter, and without being urged or annoyed. And as for the mental exercise, he does not need it; he inevitably suffers

from it. His mind, like his body, instinctively takes all the exercise that is good for it. It is matter of notoriety, that children who are obliged by poverty to do a great deal of hard work daily—as in the English factories—very generally come to be dwarfish and short-lived men. Now, a child's *mind* is no more capable than his *body*, of severe or continuous application; and if subjected to it, he is abused.

'When I was a child,' saith a wise and sainted scholar—(whom I know you reverence, madam, notwithstanding that petulant little *obiter dictum* that fell from you, awhile ago, anent his metaphysics)—'when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.' Do not attempt to improve on this good pattern, by requiring your child to put away childish things before nature has made him capable of any other; and to learn our hard lessons, instead of her easy and well-remembered ones.

That little limber, laughing elf,  
Dancing, singing, to itself;  
With fairy eyes, and red, round cheeks,  
That ever finds and never seeks;

for heaven's sake metamorphose it not into

——— 'the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school!'

O leave him to play, and grow, and be happy; and in the lustre of his joyous innocence, remind men of the kingdom of heaven! Let him play out childhood's sweet little prelude to the busy drama of life entirely *ad libitum*—his exits and his entrances at his own good pleasure. Let him spend the live-long day, if he pleases, *sub Dio*; let him bring home every night a face embrowned by Phæbus, or reddened by Aquilo; let him play with Amphitrite, in her element, and chase the Nymphs on their mountains; let him rival the Fawns in archness, and the Satyrs in merriment—and I care not if this be, at present, his only acquaintance with classic Mythology. The more potent he is among his play-fellows—the more inveterate his vagrancy—the more unextinguishable his laughter—the stronger his preference for the outside of a house over the inside—the more invincible his aversion to long sessions and unintelligible lectures—the more hopeful you may think him. And boon Nature, be sure, whose impulses he is obeying—whose laws he is living by—whose child he is—will impel his little mind to all the action that will benefit it—to all, that consists with its tender immaturity, and rapid growth; teaching him, by other inspiration than the birch's terrors, or the medal's lure, to

——— 'find tongues in trees,  
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,  
And good in every thing.'

Just the sermons, the books, and the tongues for his edification. From them, better than from all the first-lessons, or infant-school-philosophical-apparatus, ever devised, he will learn that habit of observa-



tion and recollection — that prompt self-command, and readiness of resource — that aptitude and availableness of knowledge, which, in their ultimate and combined results, make up the *efficient man of sense*.

After that period of early childhood which has been indicated, our young master may take a slate, and a writing-book, and geography, into his hands, and spend an hour or two daily over them, within doors. Coming to these studies with an organization healthfully expanding, and with a spirit, not broken and subdued by confinement, but

‘Whole as the marble’ — founded as the rock —  
As broad and general as the casing air,’

he will learn more in six months, than his rival, the infant-school prisoner, has acquired in as many years.

Advancing into the estate of youth, and hobbledehoydom, of course he becomes capable, gradually, of a greater and greater amount of application: the caution, for the conduct of that application, still being, not to let it defeat its own object, by causing the neglect, or taking the place, of physical exercises, or by producing more action and excitement of the brain, than can be balanced by impartial exercise of the whole system.

Under this caution, what should be the first and great aim of juvenile studies? Acquisition? No. Development.

What is *education*? Can you define that noun, Sir? Nay, be not affronted. You, then, at least, fair lady, who have not, I hope, devoted your blooming years to lexicons, may not object to be informed, or reminded, that *educatio* is Latin for *leading forth*. To educate a pupil, is to lead forth — bring out, or develope, the principles and faculties of his nature. Another may help him do this, but cannot do it for him. A wise teacher attempts nothing more than to supply the means and aids; to inspire and direct his pupil in the great work of *self-education*. God has set this example to all subordinate teachers.

He does not make us wise and good, but invites and enables us to make ourselves so. He does not educate (otherwise than coöperatively) his most blessed child — the saint, the poet, or the sage. He but opens before them the awful and shining pages of existence; and they read, therein, aright. The moments and ages — atoms and worlds — of creation, make the words and sentences of that infinite book — dead letters to us, and worthless, if we do not study out their meaning — which is Truth — the divine aliment, the vital breath, of the Soul.

Life has been said to be a series of schools, concluding with a great university — the world. This last is the best; for its President is Omniscient. Let the subordinate ones make it their model.

A young student's memory, if forcibly crowded with more facts than it can associate, and more, therefore, than it can permanently retain, is strained and weakened. If exercised naturally and pleasantly, according to its capacity, and in company with his understanding — he being skilfully moved and occasioned so to use it — it is developed, or educated. The object is, not to fill his memory; but to strengthen and enlarge it — to furnish it with bonds of associa-



tion, topics for reflection, data for judgment. The opinions of others should be submitted to him, to excite activity of comparison in forming his own. Illustrious examples should be holden before him, to mature his appreciation of the greatness they illustrate. Rules should be taught him, not as the end, but as a mode, of investigation. So that, by incessant reference of doctrine and example to his own experience and instincts, however crude, he may gradually develope, out of the mental elements of his nature, his own conscience and reason — the only reason or conscience for him.

Those of his faculties which (from any of the mischiefs, whether immediate, or accumulated by inheritance, that damage nature's germs) appear least forward, will be specially cherished, in order to a complete and symmetrical development. But there will be no attempt to foist the extrinsic into the place of the intrinsic; to patch (O absurdity!) the vital and expanding growth; to supply, by adventitious substitutes, the imputed deficiencies of nature. A character, or a mind, so formed, cannot endure; its materials cannot assimilate; it must ever want unity and truth. What is thus done, must be undone. Foreign accretions, by which it has been vainly thought to fill up nature's imperfect work, must be thrown off, however cemented by time, before that mysterious work can complete itself, from its own self-generated and immortal substance. If aided, in so doing, by true education — an honest furtherance of nature — the mind will expand constantly toward its own proper perfection; and however little of it may, at any stage, have been developed, that little will be sound, native, and indestructible.

W. H. S.

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T W I L I G H T .

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BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

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I LOVE thy quiet, vision-haunted hour!  
 Dearer its breathings than the voice of morn;  
 Nor need I seek some dim, sequestered bower,  
 Where gaudy flowers the latticed walls adorn;  
 Where'er my rest, I feel the mighty power  
 Of thy subduing spirit, heaven-born!  
 On the mind's ear its whispers gently fall,  
 Like some loved voice, sad, sweet, and musical.

Still as each hue grows fainter in the west,  
 And tint by tint wears stealthily away,  
 High, chastened feelings, gather in the breast,  
 And worldly fancies cease their sportive play;  
 And cares are laid like buried ones at rest,  
 And Mirth's loud song is a forgotten lay;  
 No earthly thoughts, no vain imaginings,  
 Enchain the soul, and stay the spirit's wings.

Swift as a ray of unobstructed light,  
 To her high home unfettered Fancy steers,  
 Nor faints, nor droops, but holds her mystic flight,  
 Onward, still onward, mid thick-clustering spheres,  
 And scans the stars, those records of the night,  
 Living in moments, ages of dull years;  
 Scatters the shades that dim the mental eye,  
 And roams unchecked, a pilgrim of the sky!

## THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE 'FAIRY COURT', A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

I sought the room of one who kept  
His vigils late, while others slept;  
Who trimmed his midnight lamp, alone  
Mid books of science, round him strown;  
And as I gazed, unseen myself,  
(For viewless is each fairy elf,  
And saw his high and haughty brow  
Pensive, and pale, and clouded now,  
His cheeks from which the bloom had fled,  
I deemed him one of those who tread  
The golden paths that lead to fame,  
And waste a life to win a name.

Silent and lonely sate he there,  
That youth with sad and thoughtful air;  
And while I marvelled what might be  
The subject of his reverie,  
Wisdom, or wealth—ambition high—  
A world's applause, or woman's eye—  
A single tear in silence slid  
From underneath the downcast lid;  
A single sigh the stillness broke,  
And from his trance the student woke,  
Raised mournfully his drooping head,  
And murm'ring to himself, he said:

'I will not of my lot complain,  
Though sad may seem the destiny  
To feel that nature's wide domain  
Contains no single charm for me.

'The summer fields, they say, are fair,  
The birds are singing on the hill,  
And gentle breezes wander there,  
Stirring the graceful foliage, still.

'The sunlight streaming through the trees  
Illumes, they say, my fav'rite grot,  
And fragrance freights the evening breeze,  
That whispers round that fairy spot.

'They say, th' horizon's western bound  
Still wears the hues that erst it wore,  
When sunset gilds the clouds around—  
But these are charms to me no more!

'Some vestige does my memory bear  
Of scenes of beauty and of bliss,  
Else have I *dreamed* of worlds, that wear  
Such charms as they portray of this.

'Tis over now! Her cherished lore  
Can Fancy lend no more to me,  
Which threw its magic mantle o'er  
Each sparkling fount and shady tree.

'No more for me the wild bird sings,  
While list'ning 'neath the branching oak;  
For me no more each flower that springs,  
May be the home of fairy folk.

'The setting sun, the rising moon,  
The rainbow with its varied hue,  
Spanning the flowery fields of June,  
Perchance are fair to others' view;

'But eyes that drink the lightning's ray,  
Of future vision are bereft,  
And thus, one glory passed away,  
Benighted hath my bosom left.

'I tread life's weary waste alone,  
With grief too deep for tear or sigh;  
And all unpitied and unknown,  
Indulge no hope — except to DIE!'

M.

### NATHAN HALE.

'FALLING, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage; wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.' WEBSTER.

THERE is a mournful pleasure in turning aside from the active duties of life — in forgetting its busy hum and bustle — to contemplate the lives of those who, having acted the parts assigned them usefully and honorably to themselves and their native land, have passed to the 'undiscovered country.'

In examples worthy ever to be imitated and extolled, no land surpasses that of our birth. Without seeking, then, in *foreign* climes, or reviewing foreign history, for fit subjects of eulogy, we need only revert to a period distinguished in our own, to find some of the noblest monuments of bravery, heroism, and virtue. The pages of Grecian or Roman history furnish us with no brighter examples of pure and elevated patriotism, of disinterested ambition, of devoted attachment to country and her best interests, than is to be found in that hour which 'tried men's souls' — the revolution of '76.

Upward of fifty years have now elapsed, since the American army, in the person of NATHAN HALE, lost one of its fairest flowers. For more than half a century, he has lain in his cold grave, neglected and forgotten; and while the names of many who have only *served* their country, have been trumpeted by the breath of Fame throughout the world, the name of him who *died* in its defence, has been suffered to fade away from the memories of his countrymen.

Born on the eve of that awful tempest which shook the old world to its very centre, he arrived at manhood just as its gathering clouds began to concentrate in their wrath. It was at this period in our country's history, that he closed his academic course; and having graduated at a sister institution, it is from this hour we may date both his public and military career.

Endowed with a mind of no common mould, he had gathered from the paths of science her richest and sweetest flowers. Possessed of genius rarely bestowed, and rightly guided and directed by unusual taste and ardor in scientific attainment, he became distinguished as a scholar. Beloved by all who knew him, for those traits which never fail to excite esteem and affection, he was equally distinguished for the correctness of his morals, the innocence of his habits, and the purity of his principles.

In his manners, pleasing; in his disposition, mild and ingenuous; in his understanding, vigorous and powerful, he bade fair to arrive at an eminence which few of a similar age could hope to attain. Thus favored of heaven in the morning of life, no one ever commenced to tread its chequered path with brighter prospects. Assisted and encouraged in his career by the best wishes and heart-felt prayers of his associates and friends, he went forth to the fulfilment of his high destiny. Alas! how little did he imagine that 'Disappointment had marked him for her own!'

The period had now arrived, when the secret fires, long struggling in the breasts of our fathers, burst from their confinement. The friends of liberty had begun to rally in her defence, and the slumbering spirits of her sons were aroused:

'Then said the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield,  
Come *with* it, when the battle's done,  
Or *on* it, from the field!'

The daring spirits of the land had assembled, and their cry was heard rising high above the cannon's roar: '*Our country first — our country last — our country always!*' The voice of Nathan Hale was heard in that cry. He had seen his country's danger, and he was among the first to enlist in her defence. The flowery paths of science, intellectual honor, and advancement — self-interest, present happiness, and the endearments of home — were all forgotten, and merged in one feeling — love of country.

Having obtained a commission in the army, he commenced the active duties of a soldier, with the same vigor and activity which marked his character when engaged in the fields of literature. Prompt to every duty, his influence here was extensive as it had been in private life.

Passing over intervening events, we now arrive at one of the most critical epochs into which the American army had ever fallen; and it was during this period, that the fate of Hale was sealed. The battle of Long Island had been fought; and for a little time the guardian spirit of freedom seemed to have withdrawn its protecting hand. But it was only momentary. Under the guidance of the 'Father of his Country,' the army was led to a place of safety. To the prudence of Washington, under God, are the people of America indebted for the rescue of their army at this hour of its peril. Having retreated to New-York, it became a matter of moment to the commander-in-chief to ascertain the situation of the British forces; their strength, and their future movements. It were needless to spe-

cify the plan which was adopted to gain the information desired. It is already familiar to the reader. The desire of Washington being stated to his assembled officers, they retired to their meditations. Who among them was willing to undertake a service so fraught with danger?

Among these officers, was Nathan Hale. After mature deliberation, impelled by a sense of duty, he resolved to undertake the task. Though urged by the pleadings of a friend, not to undertake a service so hazardous, his mind still remained fixed and steadfast; and no motive, however powerful, could induce him to neglect an opportunity to be useful to his country. Being told that his success was extremely doubtful, and his danger imminent, he replied, that, 'conscious of all this, as he was, he could not consent to withhold his services.' Accordingly, he passed over to the enemy, and succeeded in obtaining the desired information.

What must have been his feelings, now that he had performed his duty to his country? What emotions must have filled his bosom, at the thought of returning to his great commander, the immortal Washington, laden with the fruits of his daring enterprise? Indeed no reward was expected, none was offered, to him who should undertake this task. No bribe of promotion, no glorious prize, was held out in case of success; but all that could be gained, at most, was the approving smile of the Pater Patriæ, and the thanks of his countrymen! Such noble disinterestedness, such patriotic devotion, can only be found in the hearts of those who, like him, could appreciate the blessing of freedom.

But while such happy thoughts were passing in his mind; while his heart beat high with the expectation of a speedy return to his fellow soldiers, and his friends; a sudden cloud dimmed the bright vision. Arrested by the hand of the enemy, he was already beyond the reach of mercy. His object discovered, he frankly confessed it. The die was cast. He was tried and convicted; and now he stands upon the scaffold. Let us pause, and for a moment contemplate the awful scene which is soon to close. Calm, collected, firm — no servile fear of death is marked upon his brow. Conscious of no guilt, how dignified his deportment! — how undaunted his courage! As he looks around upon the assembled multitude, who are gathered together to behold his departure from the world, and sees before him none but his enemies, he neither hesitates nor falters; but with an undaunted look, resolved to die for his country, he yields to the sacrifice.

As a dying request, he asks that a Bible may be furnished him. With a fiendish malice, this last dying prayer is refused; and his letters which he desires may be conveyed to his mother and his friends, are destroyed. His last sad farewell they never will receive! Still firm amid all this cruelty, he utters no complaint; but as his eyes are turned for the last time toward the home of his birth, while a beam of patriotic fire kindles up his countenance, he exclaims: '*I only lament that I have but one life to lose for my country;*' and he dies, a martyr in the cause of liberty.

Such was the fate of HALE. Though no marble column rears its

head, to tell that he died for the republic, yet on the hearts of his countrymen his name is engraved, in living characters. Let his memory be cherished. Let it be transmitted to the latest posterity. And long after the frailer monuments of marble and brass shall have crumbled into dust, his story shall survive.

F. W. S.

# THE PIPE.

THE lady who has kindly presented the author of 'Ship and Shore' with a KNICKERBOCKER PIPE, will accept, as a slight token of his gratitude, the following lines, in eulogy of its beauty and breath.

W. C.

Come, sweet, melodious Muse! sole source of song,  
And aid this once my bold, adventurous strain;  
Teach me to roll the liquid verse along,  
Full and o'erflowing, as through Egypt's plain  
Rolls the rich Nile, which time and death defies—  
Pipes are my theme, and woman's love the prize!

Beloved narcotic weed!—hadst thou been known  
To dreaming seers and alchymists of old,  
They had not idly sought that fabled stone,  
Converting baser substances to gold;  
And Midas might his wand's transmuting stroke  
Have lightly prized, in thy delicious smoke.

Nor would the Argonauts have sailed from Greece,  
In search of Colchos; what, compared to thee,  
Were all that glittered in that Golden Fleece?  
Or what the treasures of the Hybla bee,  
Or Eden's fruit and shade, lost in the fall?  
One whiff of thee, my pipe, were worth them all!

Thy quiet spirit lulls the laboring brain,  
Lures back to thought the sounds of vacant mirth,  
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,  
And sheds contentment round the humble hearth;  
While savage hatred, in thy melting breath,  
Forgets the war-whoop, the wild dance of death!

The mighty mound that guards Achilles' dust,  
The marble strength of Agamemnon's tomb,  
The pyramid of Chæop's dying trust,  
Now only give to doubt a deeper gloom;  
But thy memorial unborn men shall find  
Immortal mid the triumphs of the mind.

The towers of Thebes, that millions toiled to rear,  
In scattered ruins own the earthquake's shock;  
The fleets of Rome, that filled the isles with fear,  
The storm hath left in fragments on the rock:  
But thrones may crumble, empires fade away,  
Their frailties reach not thee, thou thing of clay!

Terrific Ætna, whose volcanic fires  
O'er flaming fields and cindered cities fell,  
When once its central nursing-flame expires,  
Will ever stand a deep extinguished hell!  
But thy warm life extinct, a kindling coal  
Can light again thy vapor-heaving bowl.

Thy purple wreaths, in solemn ringlets curled,  
 Float on the breeze to join that pall of cloud,  
 'Neath whose sepulchral gloom, this restless world  
 Will lie at last, in its unheaving shroud.  
 Thou too wilt then that last sad change reveal,  
 Which follows fast, where death hath set its seal.

Away, poor trifle! — what with thee is death?  
 Only the spark put out; that lit thy bowl,  
 The fragrance fled, that mingled with thy breath;  
 With man, it is a summons for his soul  
 To leave its work, for that awarding state,  
 Where boundless bliss or endless woes await.

#### BACON'S POEMS.\*

PERHAPS no young writer in this country has produced a more promising volume of poetry than the one before us. There is a great deal more than ordinary merit in it; and hence it is deserving of cordial commendation. The reception which some of our critics have given this book, is not a little to be wondered at. Although it is, as we have said, a volume of poetry evincing undoubted genius, yet there has been an attempt, as it seems to us, to depreciate it, and that too without intelligence or justice. Some of the critics have seemed to shut their eyes, and with a book in their hands, on almost every page of which there is much of genuine poetry, they have thought fit to denounce the author; accusing him of faults which he does not possess, and denying him excellencies of which his book bears abundant testimony. There are some passages in this volume which would do credit to any American poet. They have a vigor of thought, a delicacy of sentiment, a simplicity and strength of diction, and withal a moral dignity, worthy of all praise.

The reception of young American writers among us is by no means always what it should be. There is not sufficient attention given them. Their faults are not kindly pointed out, and their excellences commended; and they have too often no other way but to get along as they can, and find at last, that if success does crown their efforts, it is so embittered, that they would almost as soon do without it. In support of this position, we might adduce the reception of Mr. Bacon. He has not been without liberal supporters; still, one or two critics of reputation have come down upon him with such ponderous bludgeons, as might well have beaten his brains out. We trust, however, that his brains are safe, and we are glad of it; for, in our opinion, such brains as his should not be scattered, unless he makes a worse use of them than appears in this volume. As a first effort, the work, as might well be expected, has not the uniformity and finish of older writers; still there is such manifest ability in it, as makes us confident the author can do much in future. There is a soundness in his thoughts; the language evinces much taste and talent; while the great moral independence of the volume gives it an additional claim upon our attention.

\* Poems by WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. BOSTON: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.



One of the first requisites for the production of good poetry, is a good understanding; we mean by this, *common sense*. We give Mr. Bacon credit here. Indeed, the mind that could produce the essay at the end of the volume, would leave prettinesses, affectations, and languishings, to moon-struck lovers. The subject there discussed is one about which many young poets have made themselves ridiculous; but the last sin of that very sensible and elegant essay, is a poetic mania. Mr. Bacon writes with enthusiasm, yet as if he thought the world had at times something else to do, beside read verses; and though our admiration of Wordsworth is not of the same temperature as our author's, yet his views are propounded in such a manly style, that we will praise his *sense*, though we like not his *system*. Some of the critics have seized this to his disadvantage; yet they have certainly failed. Not one twentieth of the book is at all Wordsworthian, either good or bad; and the pieces selected *as such*, and censured, are altogether of another school. The following poem has been censured as 'tinctured with the Lake Spirit.' Let a man who has a heart, read it:

LESSON OF LIFE.

'Tis very strange, 'tis very strange,  
The fancies of our early years,  
Despite of chance, despite of change,  
Can thus melt manhood into tears!

'Tis very strange, the simplest things,  
No matter what they were, we loved,  
Are those the memory eagerest brings,  
And those the last to be removed.

A word, a tone, a look, a song,  
A bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower;  
These to the self-same class belong,  
And all of them they have this power;

And all about the heart they bring  
Their memories — a potent spell!  
As parting friends still kiss and cling,  
And must, yet cannot say, farewell.

Now 'tis not, that there is not found  
As much to see, and feel, and love;  
The earth is just as fair around,  
The sky is just as blue above;

Birds sing, bees hum, brooks prattle near,  
Music is of the world a part,  
And warm, warm words are in the ear,  
And heart beats fondly unto heart.

And yet, the heart lies cold and dead —  
Its finer feelings will not glow;  
The blossoms all are withered,  
We once did love and cherish so;

And we look round, and we look back  
At things of Life's young morning-hour,  
And wonder those of manhood's track,  
Have not as soft and sweet a power.

And then we ask, since this we see,  
If thus, in running out life's span,  
We must be what we would not be,  
That cold, care-fretted creature, man?

'If earth must change as on we go,  
If life, and loveliness, and truth  
Must pass from every thing below,  
With the delightful days of youth ?

'Alas, alas, as we move on,  
If thus the heart from bliss must sever,  
Better were manhood not begun —  
Better we children be for ever !'

The only thing like Wordsworth here, is that it is *poetry*. It would be well for some of the writer's critics, if they were 'tinctured' with a little of the same folly.

We give Mr. Bacon great credit, likewise, for the vividness and power of his imagination. We would select the last half of 'Thanatos,' a poem of much power and beauty, and the 'Vision of War,' as undeniable proofs of his claims, in this regard, to general admiration.

We give Mr. Bacon credit, also, for that which is the best test of poetic genius ; power of description. Here he must speak for himself. The following is from 'A Forest Noon Scene :

'This is indeed a sacred solitude,  
And beautiful as sacred. Here no sound,  
Save such as breathes a soft tranquillity,  
Falls on the ear ; and all around, the eye  
Meets nought but hath a moral. These deep shades,  
With here and there an upright trunk of ash,  
Or beech, or nut, whose branches interlaced  
O'er-canopy us, and, shutting out the day,  
A twilight make — they press upon the heart  
With force amazing and unutterable.  
These trunks enormous, from the mountain side  
Ripp'd roots and all by whirlwinds ; those vast pines  
Athwart the ravine's melancholy gloom  
Transversely cast ; these monarchs of the wood,  
Dark, gnarl'd, centennial oaks, that throw their arms  
So proudly up ; those monstrous ribs of rock  
That, shiver'd by the thunder-stroke, and hurl'd  
From yonder cliff, their bed for centuries,  
Here crushed and wedged ; all by their massiveness,  
And silent strength, impress us with a sense  
Of Deity. And here are wanted not  
More delicate forms of beauty. Numerous tribes  
Of natural flowrets blossom in these shades,  
Meet for the scene alone. At ev'ry step,  
Some beauteous combination of soft hues,  
Less brilliant though than those that deck the field,  
The eye attracts. Mosses of softest green,  
Creep round the trunks of the decayed trees ;  
And mosses, hueless as the mountain snow,  
Inlay the turf. Here, softly peeping forth,  
The eye detects the little violet,  
Such as the city boasts — of paler hue,  
Yet fragrant more. The simple forest flower,  
And that pied gem, the wind-flower, sweetly named,  
Here greet the cautious search ; while, bending down  
Right o'er the forest walk, the wild syringa  
Displays its long and tufted flower, and swings  
In the soft breeze. And these soft delicate forms,  
And breaths of perfume, send th' unwilling heart  
And all its aspirations to the source  
Of life and light. Nor woodland sounds are wanting,  
Such as the mind to that soft melancholy  
The poet feels, lull soothingly. The winds  
Are playing with the forest tops in glee,  
And music make. Sweet rivulets  
Slip here and there from out the crevices

Of rifted rocks, and, welling 'mid the roots  
 Of prostrate trees, or blocks transversely cast,  
 Form jets of driven snow. The housing bee,  
 The plunderer of the uplands, has come out  
 Into these cooler haunts, and sweetly fills  
 The void air with his murmurings. Soft symphonies  
 Of birds unseen, on every side swell out,  
 As if the spirit of the wood complained,  
 Harmonious and most prodigal of sound;  
 And these can woo the spirit with such power,  
 And tune it to a mood so exquisite,  
 That the enthusiast heart forgets the world,  
 Its strifes and follies, and seeks only here  
 To satisfy its thirst for happiness.'

We extract, also, 'The Indian Summer:'

'The Indian summer has come again,  
 With its mellow fruits and its ripened grain:  
 The sun pours round on the hazy scene,  
 His rays half shorn of their golden sheen,  
 And the birds in the thicks seem too sad to sing,  
 And sad is the sound of the wild wind's wing.

'And hither and thither, an ash leaf sear  
 Goes slowly off through the atmosphere —  
 And there may be heard, when the breeze steals out,  
 The hum of the bee and the torrent's shout —  
 And the caw of the crow wakes the solitudes,  
 And the hill fox barks in the faded woods.

'And over the hill to his patch of grain,  
 The reaper goes with his empty wain —  
 His lash resounds, his wagon rings,  
 The steep re-echoes the catch he sings —  
 And the long drawn vales seem to take the strain,  
 And send it up to the hill again.

'And here where late the dog-wood threw  
 Its berries forth of a crimson hue —  
 And deep in the dell where the birch was seen,  
 With its fragrant bark and tassels green —  
 The colors are gone, the leaves are gray,  
 They fall, and are swept by the brook away.

'The daisy low on the bank is lying,  
 The leaves of the brier are dead and dying,  
 The lea has never a blossom blue,  
 Where late the rose and violet grew,  
 And life is passing from glade and glen:  
 The Indian summer has come again.'

The following passage from 'A Fragment of an Epistle,' we offer with unaffected pleasure. There is painting by words in it, which will win all suffrages:

'I sat me where the window threw  
 The distant landscape into view.  
 The snow was on each living thing,  
 The birds were mute nor moved a wing,  
 And 'neath a garment clear and cold,  
 Each flower slept locked in frozen mould.  
 Here long drawn vales in silver white  
 Glistening, were offered to the sight.  
 Where ran the hedge, or old stone wall,  
 The icy sheet had covered all,  
 And all along the rails and hung  
 Downward, the icicles were strung,

And, as the flashing sun rose bright,  
 They seemed like crystals in the light.  
 Where wound the maple colonnade,  
 The leafless boughs still cast a shade,  
 Curious, for on the crust of snow  
 They vipers seemed toss'd to and fro.  
 Where ran the rill in early spring,  
 Beneath those maples glittering,  
 Singing and dancing as the wave  
 Went bickering o'er its sandy pave,  
 And catching on it, shadows dim  
 Of violets along its brim,

Or lily fair or water-cress,  
That stooped its cheek for a caress,  
Now o'er that gentle stream was cast  
The snow ridge by the mountain blast,  
Till all the valley level seemed —  
Save here and there the ice-bridge gleamed.  
But farther down that valley glen,  
The brook burst up to light again ;  
For there, pitch'd from its dizzy edge,  
The wave shot down a rocky ledge, [brake,  
And foamed and thundered through the  
Until its waters joined the lake.  
And there, no Faëry in her cell  
Had dreamed or fancied half so well,  
Or half so beautiful a thing,  
Or given it teint and coloring,  
As that wild brook had fancied there,  
And fashion'd in the frosty air.  
That brook had flung on either side,  
Its fairy frost-work far and wide,  
Till upward 'mid the rocks appeared,

A fane as by some artist reared,  
With polished shaft, and architrave,  
And glittering porch, and crystal nave,  
And gleaming as the light shone on,  
It seemed a palace of the sun.  
Where spread the lake all sheeted wide  
Sheer to the ragged cliff's steep side,  
Whose hoary summits glitter'd there,  
Like giants in the frosty air,  
The light laugh came upon the wind,  
And all that spake 'the vacant mind.'  
There, like a young and mettled horse,  
The skilful skaiter plies his force.  
Anon he shoots, and wheels, and turns,  
As if the element he spurns,  
As if, a glorious thing of air,  
His own proud will sustained him there :  
And now again he circles neat,  
And wheels and wheels again more fleet,  
Till far across the lake he swings,  
While loud and shrill his iron rings."

One extract more, and we have done. The public have received this book as the work of a young man. We suppose it is such ; and yet we may err here. There is a maturity of thought in some of these poems, not common with young men. Take, for example, the following from 'Thoughts in Solitude :

'But there's a half-way virtue in the world  
Which is the world's worst enemy — its bane,  
Its withering curse. It cheats it with a show —  
But offers naught of substance, when is sought  
Its peaceful fruits. It suffers men in power  
To let the young aspirant rise or fall,  
As chance directs. The rich man fosters it,  
And for the favor, it shuts up his ears  
Against the cry of virtuous penury ;  
Or bids him dole out with a miserly hand,  
A farthing, where a thousand should be thrown,  
And proffer'd kindly. The lone orphan's cries,  
The widow's wail in impotence, perchance  
Secure a few unmeaning tears, but not  
The pity which administers relief.  
Words flow, as freely as a parrot talks,  
At tales of suffering ; and tears may fall  
As Niobe's ; but not a sacrifice  
The heart accepts, nor pleasure is forgone,  
Which marks the principle of virtue there,  
Or such as finds acceptance in the skies.  
Who pays with pity, all my debt of love,  
Who weeps for me, yet never sees my lack,  
Who says be clothed, yet never proffers aught,  
He's not my fellow, nor deserves the name.

'A feeble virtue is a vice, adorn'd  
In virtue's semblance. 'T is a negative  
And useless quality. It exempts from wo  
Insufferable, yet grudges perfect bliss ;  
And he but tricks him in a knave's attire,  
Who boasts no other. He's but half the man,  
Who, when temptation stares him in the face,  
Assents, yet trembles to be overcome !  
Such men do things by halves, and never do  
Aught with an earnest soul. They fool away  
A life, in which the good and evil mix  
So equal, that the sum is neutralized ;  
And Justice on their sepulchres inscribes  
No sterner truth, than when she writes — a blank.

Why linger then betwixt the two extremes —  
 The passive puppet of each circumstance?  
 Why pure and devilish — mortal and immortal —  
 Too good for earth, and yet unfit for Heaven?  
 Why not at once dispel these baneful mists,  
 Thrust from our paths the arts and blandishments  
 Which win to wickedness — and rise at once  
 With a proud, *moral* freedom, until we  
 Can stand upon the stars, and see to Heaven?

The reader will agree with us when we say, that if this is the work of a boy, he is a promising child.

We cannot extract farther; although 'Other Days,' 'Life,' the 'Lines to a Little Boy,' 'Morning,' 'Fanny Willoughby,' and 'Lines in Dejection,' are well worthy to be transplanted. But we leave the rest to the reader.

To sum up our notions of Mr. Bacon, we are deceived if his talents do not secure for him a prominent place among our future poets; and we cannot forbear thinking, that the specimens we have given, taken from this remark every appearance of extravagance. We do not think there has been a *first work* presented by any of our young poets, of fairer promise than this; and though we do not assert that this volume raises the writer at once to the front rank, yet we *do* assert, and will maintain, that there are poems in it worthy to place him in a station of honor, among his contemporaries. His language has strength and simplicity; his style clearness and force. His thoughts are elevated; his habits are those of serious contemplation; and for these we award him praise. In a day when we have so many vicious models, it seems to us a proof that a man must have something superior in himself, who steers clear of them. Of his susceptibility to beauty, and of the correctness of his taste, we have not heard a dissenting voice; and, moreover, Mr. Bacon is a Christian.

Before we close, we have a word to say, lest our notice lose its *authority*. We do not think the volume without faults. There are inequalities in it. The metre is sometimes faulty; the author does not, in some instances, refine and polish enough; and his own judgment will no doubt suggest these things in a future collection, should he make one. But faults were to be expected in a first work; and nothing surely can be more unbecoming a judicious critic, than to seize on an initial effort, and attempt, by exaggerating its faults, to throw contempt upon the whole. This we think *has* been done, in some instances, with Mr. Bacon; and this is the reason we have stepped forward to do him justice, and cordially offer him the hand of encouragement.

O. P. Q.

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PRETEXTS AND MOTIVES.

Dost think those gilt and hollow cones  
 That *front* an organ, cause the tones?  
 Ah, no! those pealing notes proceed  
 From tubes of baser metal hid.  
 This same remark, we might advance,  
 Holds good in life's mysterious dance:  
 In front the pompous pretext find,  
 But the mean motive skulks behind.

## S O N N E T.

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 WRITTEN UPON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY, PAINTED BY C. G. THOMPSON.
 

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THERE is a sweetness in those up-turned eyes,  
 A tearful lustre — such as fancy lends  
 To the Madonna — and a soft surprise,  
 As if they saw strange beauty in the air;  
 Perchance a bird, whose little pinion bends  
 To the same breeze that lifts that flowing hair.  
 And, O, that lip, and cheek, and forehead fair,  
 Reposing on the canvass! — that bright smile,  
 Casting a mellow radiance over all!  
 Say, didst thou strive, young artist, to beguile  
 The gazer of his reason, and to thrall  
 His every sense in meshes of delight?  
 When thou, unconscious, made this phantom bright?  
 Sure nothing real lives, which thus can charm the sight!

*New-York, December, 1837.*

P. E.

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 N A V A L   S K E T C H E S .
 

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 BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE,' 'CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS,' ETC.
 

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THE winter had passed — the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land — when we, as if obeying these awakening instincts of nature, weighed our anchors from the safe bed in which they had long been planted, and in company with the flag-ship which had first caught the moving infection, floated quietly from the harbor of Mahon, with recollections that endeared the past, and anticipations that brightened the future. The last voice I heard was that of a bird singing from a tree that shades an extreme cliff, and where it would seem as if the little warbler had come to give us his parting cheer. I admired that bird for several reasons; for its plumage — it was gay as hope; for its voice — it was full of sweetest melody; for its courage — it was one of the few that had escaped the shot and snares of our wicked pastimes; for its spirit of forgiveness — we had been all winter picking the bones of its fellows, and perhaps had deprived it of its vernal mate; yet it came forth to breathe its farewell, with the forgiving, clinging affection of the female heart for the one no longer worthy of her love and confidence. If the doctrine of the Samian sage be true, I would ask that at death my spirit may pass into the form of such a beautiful bird as this: not that I would, in that event, sing to those who had plotted my death; but I would fly to the convent of Santa Clara, and perching close to the grated window of the imprisoned Maria, relieve with my notes the solitude of her cell; and so sweet and impassioned should be the strain I would sing, that the wondering nun should every night murmur in her very dreams:

'A lovely bird with azure wings,  
 And song that says a thousand things,  
 And seems to say them all for me!'

And if the Lady Abbess came, as she undoubtedly would, to drive me away, I would sing a note in *her* ear, more fearful than that of the death-watch in the chamber of the dying. For, aside from the mischievous energy with which she exercises her abbatical functions, she has a face and figure that can fear no change that may betide humanity, and which would justify the expenses and pains of a journey to the Temple of Helen, at Therapne. I shall never forgive her for thrusting her ugly hand between my lips and the fingers of the beautiful Maria, just as I was taking my last leave. She might at least have accorded me this last and delicate indulgence of affection, after having accepted of me, with evident emotions of delight, a dozen of the best Virginia hams that ever yet crossed the Atlantic. But I have ever observed, that a woman excessively ugly, is usually excessively perverse. It would seem as if she intended to retaliate the wrongs of nature indiscriminately upon her unoffending species. No one of my female readers, I am sure, will take an exception to this remark, or construe it into a personality; for, whatever facts might justify, her good opinion will prevent her ranking herself with the class to which it refers. As for the abbess of the convent of Santa Clara, I may yet perhaps have an opportunity of returning her ungrateful effrontery; for if we drop anchor at Madeira, on our return home, it may not be my fault if she has not one the less nun on whom to rivet the chain of her sanctimonious tyranny.

But to resume the thread of our nautical tale. The morning of our first day out was peculiarly brilliant and serene, promising us a quiet and pleasant passage. But toward evening, the wind chopped about directly in our teeth, and suddenly assumed the dark and formidable force of a gale; obliging us to take in sail, and heaving against us a heavy head sea. It was not less diverting than melancholy, to witness the effect produced by the rolling and plunging of our ship. We had come out sleek as if born and cradled in a band-box. Not a bit of lint disfigured the coat or pantaloons; not a soil dimmed the reflecting surface of the boot; and the smooth corners of the shirt-collar, peering above the carefully-adjusted stock, shot forward like the ears of a rabbit listening to some rumpling sound ahead; when a saucy wave broke over our bows, sweeping the whole length of the ship, and all this starch and gloss went down, just as I have seen the feathers of an old family rooster, hieing from a drenching shower to his covert. Nor was the scene below less afflictive; for every thing that had not been previously secured, was now promiscuously moving about; some to maim you, but more, like ambition 'o'er leaping itself,' to knock out its own existence. My air-port, by some mistake, had been left open. The sea had now made a tunnel of it, and my state-room door being shut, my wardrobe and library, and — *horribile dictu!* — my manuscripts, were drifting about in a most disastrous and drowning condition. My only anxiety was to save the latter, feeling how much would be irreparably lost to the world, in their destruction! I thought of the Alexandrian Library, and knowing water to be as fatal as fire, seized at once these invaluable treasures; but was not a little mortified and vexed in finding them the most light and buoyant things in my apartment. Even a gauze handkerchief sank at their side. No serious



disaster, however, happened to the ship ; though a watch-boy, posted aloft, fell sound asleep, even while the masts were sweeping through nearly half of a frightful circle. O Sleep !

‘ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,  
With deaf’ning clamors, in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly, death itself awakes,  
Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
Deny it to a king ?

The wind subsided the next morning, and on the evening of the day succeeding, we anchored in Toulon. We were preparing to go on shore, when an officer, with a most grim, uncompromising visage — such an one as would befit a man whose business it is to announce the fatal sentence to prisoners under hope — approached our ship, and inquired where we were from ; and on being told, informed us that we must perform a quarantine of ten days ! This was enough to upset the patience of a Job. We had merely come over from Mahon, a place perfectly healthy, and known to be so, and had on board at this time scarcely a case of even ordinary indisposition ; certainly nothing more alarming or contagious than a tooth-ache, or broken finger ; and yet we were plunged into a quarantine, as if we had come from some Golgotha, freighted with reeking skulls ! But there is as little use in scolding now, as there was in quarrelling then. Men who have the least reason for their conduct, are the last to be influenced by argument. We tested this truth still more thoroughly on a subsequent occasion. Our ship had come to Marseilles, and we had freely communicated with the place ; after spending about a week in mingled concourse with its inhabitants, a party of us went over to Toulon, where it was well known who we were, and from whence we came ; (for not a mouse stirs in France, without being narrowly watched ; and it is said, that the appearance of a strange baboon on her Spanish frontier was once telegraphed to the police of Paris, and a detachment of the gend’armes sent out to watch the motions of the ambiguous stranger.) In the mean time, our ship came round to this port, and was put in quarantine ! We appeared before the magistrates of the health office, and told them that we were officers attached to the *Constellation*, and had left her at Marseilles, freely communicating with the shore, and that we had ourselves come over uninterruptedly by land, bringing contagion in *our own* skirts, if there was any ; but the only reply was a shrug of the shoulder, a Frenchman’s last and only resort, when confounded in argument ; and our ship had to perform her week’s quarantine, merely because the sanitary regulations of Marseilles had not exacted the penalty. We might laugh at such a farce as this, were it not so excessively annoying. But an audience may be so circumstanced, that the most ludicrous, blundering inconsistency and burlesque astuteness may fail to provoke a smile.

I have done with quarantines ; nor will I trouble the reader with

the details of any more, though they should come thick and fast as the plagues of Egypt. I detest the whole system, and only wish that every species of moral wrong wore in my eyes an equally repulsive and abhorred aspect. I wonder our universal restorationist, instead of transporting a spirit at once from a place of utter pollution to one of immaculate purity, never thought of putting him in quarantine, not only as a farther punishment, but as a salutary precaution on the part of heaven. It would have a greater check on me, than any thing which now enters into their purgatorial fiction. And I must say, of all fictions that ever yet insulted the common sense of mankind, in the shape of a religious creed, I consider this the most unqualifiedly absurd. As if the companionship of devils, and a communion with the damned, could fit a man for the fellowship of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect! As if the blasphemies of hell could attune his spirit to the seraphic harmonies of heaven! Let him gather to himself all the sanctity, virtue, and meekness, that ever did, or ever can, without a contradiction of terms, enter that region of cursing, hate, and agony, it cannot fit him for heaven, nor, by any conceivable possibility, render him happy, if admitted there. He would be a stranger among strangers; abashed at his own conscious unfitness for the place, he would fain hide himself from the pure presence of those around. Heaven might shake with the swelling anthem of the redeemed, but not a chord in his breast would vibrate. He would stand amid the transcendent glories of that upper world, lone and desolate, as a tree scathed and riven by lightning, amid the living verdures of an earthly landscape.

I leave this topic, though it has that within it which might justify a volume; yet honestly, it has nothing to do with my neglected narrative. I have generally refrained from topics of a religious nature, not, I trust, from a want of interest in them, but for reasons which I shall assign, if need be, in another place. I do not seek an exemption, on this or any other subject, from a reasonable responsibility; or conceive that because I am four thousand miles from home, I am any the less accountable to the religious and moral sense of the country where I was born, and where I hope to die. Nor will I, as some of the *antagonists* of religion have done, charge a masked battery, and engage another to fire it off, when I am under the shelter of the grave. Infidelity has often been driven to this miserable shift; thus developing two of those qualities which most witheringly disgrace human nature—a deep, disingenuous malignity, and a skulking cowardice.

We were now on shore in Toulon, casting about to see what it might contain worthy of the pains we had taken. The arsenal has in effective operation all the intentions of its gigantic plan; and exhibits a mass of waiting force, worthy of the interests which look to it for protection, and worthy, too, of its connexion with the spot where Bonaparte first impressed the terrors of his genius on the power of England. The French excel in the model of their ships, in every thing which belongs to naval architecture; and if they could only fight a ship, as well as they can build her, their flag would now be flying over many a deck that has passed to the hands of the stran-

ger. Their failure lies not in a want of courage, but in the absence of that thorough, rigid, dove-tailed discipline, which nearly divests the moral mechanism of a ship of individual volition. This surrender of private will and judgment is not so indispensable to success in an engagement on land; for there, a man hacks away more for himself; he has more scope for that shouting, cutting and slashing enthusiasm, which in such a situation perhaps more than compensates for the absence of consentaneous, constrained, action; but which on board a man-of-war, by the derangements it would introduce into the consecutive means by which each gun is to be discharged, and each evolution of the ship effected, would, perhaps more than any thing else, contribute to her capture. This is the reason why the French, who can conquer on the land, are defeated at sea. The spirit which covers them with laurels in their *military*, plunders them of their flag in their *naval* engagements. Divest an army composed of Frenchmen, of that personal, private, reckless enthusiasm, which blindly mingles its own impulses with the national honor; which would rush with as little hesitancy over the breast of a fallen friend, as the body of a foe, and which cuts its *own way* to preferment and plunder, and you would deprive it of all its efficiency; you would take from it the sinews of its strength; you would reduce it to an inert, impotent mass.

The harbor of Toulon affords a quiet and safe anchorage; while the sweeping lines of its shore swell into lofty and picturesque elevations. The town itself has a forbidding, heavy appearance, given it by the dull character of its architecture, and the massive military works which render it impregnable.

The streets are narrow and foul, but their darkness and dirt are relieved by a broad, brilliant quay, two or three comfortable hotels, the complaisant demeanor of the inhabitants, and above all, the sweet refreshing retreats which the adjacent country presents. Among the latter, Hieres takes the precedence. It has no antiquities to stir your imagination, although it was the spot from which pilgrims to the Holy Land took their departure; but it is filled with ambrosial shade, and it contains among other habitations, that in which Massillon was born; he who stood like a warning angel in the voluptuous court of Louis the Fourteenth. Here, also, among more recent fabrics, stands the beautiful chateau of Baron Shultz, one of the very few who ever earned a title of nobility, by the dexterity and industry of the needle. Some affect to sneer at his ribands; but I do not see why a tailor has not as good a right to cut out a baronetcy with his shears, as a trooper with his sword; for of the two, it is vastly the more feasible mode of getting a title; it does infinitely less injury to society; and after all, displays more skill; for it is much easier to put a sword through a man's body, than to fit nicely a coat to his back. None of this partiality, therefore! Let every man become a baron, a marquis, or a duke, in his own way. No longer confine these brilliant honors to the successful sabre of a cut-throat, or the lineality of one incapable, perhaps, of comprehending their import.

We now returned on board ship, and with much less annoyance than some of us experienced in getting on shore; for the agents of

the custom-house here are extremely rigorous in the discharge of their inquisitorial trust. If man has not an epaulette on his shoulder, or a cockade on his hat, even his pockets will hardly escape the dishonor of a search. Nor is the inspection always confined to the living; it sometimes extends to the dead! We had occasion to bury one of our crew here; and as we came on shore to pay him this last sad office of respect, his coffin was unceremoniously opened, to ascertain that it contained no contraband goods! I always knew the French to be an extremely shrewd and inquisitive people, but I did not suppose they would ever carry their researches into the secrets of the grave. O Death! I have heard thee accused by some of being an inexorable tyrant; by others of being an indiscriminate leveller; but never before, 'by saint, by savage or by sage,' have I heard thee accused of being a smuggler! And even if thou wert such, what couldst thou want of aught that our poor ship contained? Wast thou in quest of pea-jackets and tarpaulins? But thy sailors never go on watch; each in his hammock still slumbers as he laid himself down. Or wast thou in need of charts or quadrants? But thy ships never leave their moorings; each rots down piecemeal in its own berth. Or was it thy desire to obtain Bibles and hymn-books? But there is no worshipping assembly in thy dominions, and the preacher's voice is never heard there. O Death! thou art falsely suspected, and basely dishonored, by the Frenchman! — by him, too, who should ever regard thee with the most indulgent sentiments; for he has crowded millions of putrid corpses upon thy domains. From the chilling snows of Russia, to the burning sands of Egypt, he has sunk his victims into thy pale realm, thick as the devoted quails that fell for food around the famishing tents of wandering Israel!

I had intended to sketch a few of the most easily-detected features in the domestic habits of the people of Toulon; but this affair of the coffin, which will be discredited by many, but which can be established by the oath of fifty witnesses, has so disaffected me with the place, I leave it without farther comment. I only hope it may not be my mournful lot to die here, to be insulted in my shroud. The most deeply-wounding and irreparable wrong, is that which falsely suspects the dying; and the most mean and dishonorable distrust, is that which looks for selfish, sinister concealments, beneath the simple obsequies of the dead.

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BENEVOLENCE.

As on the parching bosom of the plain  
Descend the genial showers of kindly rain;  
As the blue tint of heaven, with fragrant breeze,  
Dispels the pallid spectre of disease;  
So through the wounded mind and thrilling sense,  
Flows the sweet balm of blest Benevolence:  
To the lost wretch, by daily tortures torn,  
Who wakes to weep, and only lives to mourn,  
Can, with electric touch, new powers impart,  
And warm to infant life the palsied heart;  
Bid the raised eye unwonted language speak,  
And drops of transport bathe the faded cheek:  
With looks that bless, the saving hand regard,  
And give to feeling worth a rich reward.

## SCENES

DURING THE CONFLAGRATION IN NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 16TH, 1835.

THERE was a marriage, and the fair young bride  
 Stood in her white robes, ready for that vow  
 Which only Love can sanctify, and Death  
 Alone may loose. Amid her glossy hair,  
 There was one simple lily of the vale,  
 Sweet emblem of her innocence and truth.  
 — The fire-bells strike — the frantic shouts resound —  
 The tumult swells !

'Proceed, thou holy man !  
 Heed not a false alarm.'

So spake the youth  
 Whose fondest hopes through many a sleepless night  
 Had vision'd forth that hour, while fear and doubt,  
 The company of love, with their cold breath  
 Did oftentimes whisper that it ne'er would come.  
 — And so the priest, with solemn voice inquir'd  
 Who to this man the blooming maiden gave,  
 In nuptial rite. And when the father rose  
 To place within another's grasp the hand  
 Which ever in its childish pastime lov'd  
 To hide itself among his clustering locks,  
 Making him glad, methought to his proud eye,  
 Though her lip trembled like a breeze-swept rose,  
 His darling ne'er had look'd so beautiful.  
 What was the din without ? They heard it not.  
 Their world was in the heart, and all beside  
 Was a forgotten echo.

Lo, the tide  
 Of fire rolls on ! Even from the parting lip  
 The plighted faith is snatch'd. Hoarse through the door  
 Rush a wild crowd, and scarce the bridegroom's brow  
 Hath space to kindle with a moment's ire,  
 Ere the dense smoke pours in, and the fierce flames,  
 Already climbing toward the pillar'd roof,  
 Warn them to 'scape for life.

Ah ! who can tell  
 The unmeasur'd miseries of that fearful night ?  
 A sick babe lay within its mother's arms —  
 The half-loos'd soul hung quivering on its lips,  
 Longing for freedom. The small veins stood forth  
 In purple tenseness round the tiny neck,  
 And where the temples met the golden hair,  
 While each fair feature sharp and rigid grew,  
 So strong did Nature struggle for her hold  
 In that frail tenement.

Still hope was there ;  
 Such desperate hope, as roots in deathless love —  
 Hope that a mother nurtures, though her son  
 Plunge headlong through the darkest depths of guilt.  
 Even so this lone one trusted that her God  
 Would not bereave her utterly, and sate  
 Nursing a fond belief that sleep's soft balm  
 Would heal the anguish of her restless child.  
 She was a widow, and her only wealth  
 Was garner'd up in that pale piece of clay.  
 The chamber of her watching, long so dim  
 With one faint taper's waning ray, grew bright  
 With the red flashes of approaching flame.  
 She mark'd it not. Her brooding sorrow dwelt  
 With its drear watch-light in her inmost soul,

And noon and midnight were to her the same.  
Sighs rent the bosom of the failing babe,  
And its thin hands, with faint, convulsive clasp,  
Sought for some prop.

Hark ! 'tis the mother's cry,  
So shrill, imploring His high help who met  
A sad procession at the gates of Nain,  
And from the bier gave back the quicken'd dead,  
A widow's only son. But stranger feet  
Break up her privacy, and hurried tones  
Give warning in her ear — ' Away ! — away !'  
The flames are o'er her threshold.

Torpid Grief  
Still shakes its leaden sceptre o'er her soul,  
As in her bosom gathering up her dead,  
She passed out homeless, on that bitter night.

Hartford, (Conn.,) Dec. 1837.

L. H. S.

#### STANZAS.

' Long, long the theme of every past delight,  
And still to last, my vision of the night !'

' A thing of beauty is a joy for ever !'

I HAD a dream — a dream, but that is o'er,  
Thy charms can move, thy beauty blind no more ;  
Thy spell is broke, thy fascination past,  
And I can see thee as thou art, at last ;  
Unshackled once again, and proud, my soul  
Now spurns, as once it courted, thy control.  
No longer Beauty wears alone thy form,  
No longer 'tis alone thy smile can warm ;  
Almost I dare to think that there may be  
Another, lovely as I pictured thee,  
When, fondly bending at thy feet in prayer,  
I deemed that more than woman's soul was there ;  
Oh wert thou still as then my fancy thought,  
The world beside to me, the world were nought !

I own the light, the glory of thy brow ;  
It dazzles, but it cannot warm me now !  
No longer now it bids me bend the knee,  
And think religion is — to worship thee ;  
Condemned thyself a suppliant to bow,  
My knee denies to do thee homage now ;  
And as thy spirit to its idol turns,  
With shame of thee, my cheek indignant burns ;  
But yesterday so peerless ! — and to-day —  
Oh what thou art, my lips refuse to say !

Farewell ! — and though the thought of thee may gleam  
Perchance athwart my fancy's wayward dream,  
When, present things forgot, my soul shall dwell  
On one 't loved, not wisely, but too well ;  
Though sometimes in my secret breast shall rise  
The memory of thy subduing eyes,  
The magic music of thy voice, and all  
That held the pulses of my heart in thrall,  
Yet shall not these suffice again to move  
The steadfast purpose of my soul to love.

L. L. D. P.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY: OR, BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS. Designed as a Present for all Seasons. By NATHAN C. BROOKS, A. M. In one volume. pp. 180. Philadelphia: WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY. Baltimore: BAYLY AND BURNS.

On opening this volume, the first thing which meets the eye of the reader is the 'publishers' preface,' evidently written by the author, wherein the succeeding pages are spoken of, as 'blending exalted sentiment and devotional fervor with the enchantments of poetry.' This modest verdict is followed by this farther declaration: 'While we must claim for our author a high degree of poetic excellence, we would by no means insist that his productions will be found superior to criticism; as they are merely the relaxation of a scholar, while laboriously engaged as superintendent of one of our largest and most respectable literary institutions.' Here two or three birds are killed with one stone. Mr. Brooks is not only a poet of the first order, but he is a scholar, and moreover, preceptor of a very superior academy; and his faults as a writer are to be excused, on the ground that he is engaged in literary occupations! As we perused this advance critique and academy advertisement, we could not help calling to mind the economical inscription upon a tomb-stone in Père La Chaise, Paris: 'Here lies the body of M — R —, an affectionate parent and kind husband. His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop, No. —, Rue —, where may be found, at all times, a superior assortment of gloves, hosiery, linens,' etc. But waiving the diffident introduction to the volume under notice, and bearing in mind, that while the elephant is always drawn smaller than life, a flea must be represented larger, let us pass to a few remarks upon the egg which is heralded by so much cackling.

Having read the 'Scriptural Anthology' through, (for which feat we trust to become distinguished, in like manner with that long, low, 'dark-complected' individual, who is pointed out on a sunny day in Broadway, as 'the man who has read 'The Monnikins,') we are prepared to speak our opinion of its merits; and since we neither know, nor have ever seen, the author, we cannot be accused of being influenced in our comments by personal considerations. 'Sooner shall the surges of the sandiferous sea ignify and evaporate,' ('style is style,' and we have caught the infection,) than we be justly chargeable with such disingenuous motives!

The first features of Mr. Brooks' writings, which we have to notice, are their *inflation* and *redundance*. He is ever on stilts — aiming to petrify the reader in a single stanza — and 'winnowing the air with wingéd words.' He conceives nothing too high for him to mount; nor does he ever seem aware, in reducing his aspirations to practice, of the pressure about his heels. He tosses his splendid epithets around him, and hammers out hard sentences on the anvil of his brain, with untiring perseverance. This may be necessary, however, for the 'purposes of amplification,' mentioned in the 'publishers' preface.' He tells us how the 'opalled sun-beams' shone, and the moon-beams *leaped* from 'heaven's urn of blue;' how the sun played prompter, and 'rolled up the curtain of the world's theatre;' the winds are described as



'strong-lunged heralds of the storm,' while the thunder 'booms from pole to pole.' His *personal* similes are numerous. Take, for example, one feature. We have the 'cheek of heaven' turning pale, 'ocean's cheek,' the 'cheek of earth,' 'night's starry cheek,' and the 'cheek of day;' the loud winds 'seize the giant billows' Samson locks; the veil of darkness hangs in 'foldings' over the face of earth; and there are dark 'foldings' in the tempest's robe. If a line is not sufficiently full, nothing is easier than to remedy the defect by elongating a proper name—as 'Babylon-ia's waters,' or 'Egypt-ia's soil'—after the manner of that famed university poet, who, (embodying a sentiment worthy of Mr. Brooks' attention,) wrote:

'A man cannot make himself a poet,  
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at!'

Subjoined are a few specimens of 'amplification.' The first is taken from 'Abraham's Sacrifice.'

——— 'The *waxen* neck  
And *ivory* wrists were dented with the cords,  
Until the *purple* blood seemed bursting through  
The *tissue* of the *pure, transparent* skin.'

Elsewhere, he says:

——— 'The moon  
Pours from her *beamy* urn a *silver* tide  
Of *living* rays upon the *slumbering* earth.'

The annexed is from the 'Beheading of John the Baptist.' It is a fair specimen of our author's general style and taste:

'The man of blood bore in the *gory* head  
On *recking* platter, while the *pallid* lips  
With life still quivered, and the *blanching* cheek,  
And o'er his *dying* eyes the lids were drawn  
Like faded violets. In the *gasp* of death —  
In all its *lividness* — in all its *writhes*  
Of mortal agony — with gouts of blood  
Stiffening the beard! — clotting the *mangled* locks,  
The *youthful* maiden, with *complacent* smile,  
And step of triumph, bore the *bleeding* head  
Unto her mother.'

How much better than poor prose is the following?—always excepting the electro-magnetic simile, so unaffected and so clear. Abraham is here spoken of:

'Strengthened and composed,  
With holy resignation on his brow,  
He left his tent; and *saddling up his beast*,  
Clave, in obedience to the word of God,  
Wood for a holocaust whereon his son  
Should, to the Lord, an offering be made:  
Sped on his journey to the distant hills  
Of Mount Moriah. \* \* \*  
And now the patriarch beheld, far off,  
The place appointed. Then the *electric flash*  
Of anguish ran, like lightning, down the wires  
Of strong paternal feeling.'

We must protest against reducing touching and beautiful passages of Scripture to such verse as is in this volume turned to small account, in paraphrasing the captivity of Zion, our Saviour's lamentation over Jerusalem, the melting pathos of the 'Man of Uz,' or re-painting, in lines of tedious vapidness, a scene like that of Belshazzar's feast, what time his guests gazed at the hand-writing on the wall,

'Until their *thought-strained* eyes *dilated* grew!'

He must needs be largely gifted, who kindles adequately at the flame of the sacred writers. It requires something more than one who contents his ideas with the 'films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things,' to beautify, or render more poetical, some of the finest scenes recorded in Holy Writ.

Our author, we are sorry to perceive, has not at all times a proper regard for the

laws of *mœum* and *tivum*. He has borrowed, if not 'line upon line,' yet here a little, and there a great deal. CAMPBELL's noble line,

'And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,'

he has metamorphosed, for instance, into

'Beneath the night-watch of the sentinel stars ;'

and that admirable conceit which SHAKESPEARE puts into the mouth of Richard III.,

'And e'en the stars do wink,  
As 't were with over-watching,'

is altered to

'The pale stars grow dim with watching.'

We have pencilled several other lines, equally glaring with the foregoing.

Now and then, we are struck with a few stanzas of a simple or sublime character, which convince us that were Mr. BROOKS to cease altogether to write *ad ostentationem*, he might hope for very respectable success. Witness the following lines, which are spirited and unaffected :

'The God Omnipotent, who rolled  
The chariots of the crystal spheres,  
To circle round their course of years,  
Made the green earth, at his command,  
Arise with all its mounts sublime,  
And from the hollow of his hand  
Poured out the immeasurable sea,  
And bade its waves' eternal chime  
Hymn his own vast immensity !'

And that is a good simile, which describes the marks of the deluge upon high mountains

'As a memorial of the curse of sin,  
The cicatrices of the scourge of God  
Upon its giant sides.'

But such passages are rare, amidst frequent trickeries of phrase, and examples of verbose bombast, and diluted thoughts, encumbered with tinsel and frippery. Our author does not lack words ; and, being born of few ideas, they flow freely enough from his mind and pen ; just as people come faster out of a church when it is empty, than when a crowd is at the door. Hence, it is needless to add, he is a præminent mannerist.

Mr. Brooks may be a scholar ; he may be well versed in the Greek and Roman story ; he may be a competent principal 'of one of our largest and most respectable literary institutions ;' but whatever his 'publishers' preface' may insinuate to the contrary, he is *no poet* ; and, as a volume of *poetry*, 'to compare his book with a bottle of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid.' He might, indeed, we have reason to believe — judging from his idea of the horrid, as manifested in the extract above, describing the 'head in a charger,' and other passages of a kindred description — concoct a melo-drama, that, in popular parlance, would 'take' well. Let him therefore study some of the higher flights of SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD, (whom he resembles, as a writer, in his worst points,) and become familiar with his night-riding incubi, Abaddon, etc., and then, being ripe for his task, write a play ; call it 'The Unknown Spirit of the Mysterious Grotto, or the Immense Vacuum of the Solitude of the Desert,' or designate it by some such euphonious and mysterious title, and we will use our influence with 'Mr. GEORGE JONES, the Great American Tragedian' — *par nobile fratrum* ! — to take the part of the 'Unknown Spirit.' So shall the fame of the author of 'Scriptural Anthology' be fully established.

The typographical execution of the volume is creditable to the publishers ; although little can be said in favor of the 'embellishments,' so ostentatiously set forth ; especially the 'minor embellishments, or tail-pieces' — small, coarse wood-cuts, an inch or two square. The persevering reader will be pleased, however, with one of these, at the close of the book. It is termed in the catalogue, 'FINIS !'

A LOVE-TOKEN FOR CHILDREN. Designed for Sunday-School Libraries. By the Author of 'The Linwoods,' 'Live and Let Live,' 'Poor Rich Man, and Rich Poor Man,' etc. In one volume. pp. 142. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Miss SEDGWICK is pursuing a literary path of usefulness and honor, with undeviating steps; and long may she live to walk therein, and to illustrate the beauty of doing good, both in her productions and by her example. Possessing a heart softened with the love of human kind, she delights to seize upon scenes and events of common life, which, when followed out, serve, in the lessons they impart, to rob adversity of its sting, and as a counterpoise against the struggles of a world. She never seems to forget, that in the humblest creature of earth, there is a soul whose genealogy is God as well as her own. Hereafter, we cannot doubt, she will enjoy the reputation of having been, preëminently, the moral benefactress of the first nation of freemen on the globe; having sown, broad-cast, in the hearts of the youth of this republic, the seeds of humble domestic virtues, which shall yield in the future an hundred fold. Incidents of every-day existence — in the selection and results of which are displayed the eye of a true artist, not less than the benevolent spirit of the philanthropist, and the heart of a Christian — are detailed in the little book before us with the most winning simplicity, and yet with singular dramatic effect.

There are eight stories in the volume, bearing the titles of 'The Widow Ellis and her Son Willie,' 'The Magic Lamp,' 'Our Robins,' 'Old Rover,' 'The Chain of Love,' 'Mill Hill,' (in two parts,) and 'The Bantem.' Although intended for the young, there are moral truths in these unpretending little stories, which 'children of a larger growth' might imbibe, with edification and profit. We had marked passages in the first tale, and had separated a link or two from 'The Chain of Love,' (a 'similitude' worthy of BUNYAN,) to present to our readers; but all our extracts are shrunk to this little measure of quotation from 'Our Robins.'

"At a short distance from the village of S —, on the top of a hill, and somewhat retired and sheltered from the roadside, lives a farmer by the name of Lyman. He is an industrious, intelligent, and honest man; and though he has but a small farm, and that lying on bleak, stony hills, he has, by dint of working hard, applying his mind to his labor, and living frugally, met many losses and crosses without being cast down by them, and has always had a comfortable home for his children; and how comfortable is the home of even the humblest New-England farmer! with plenty to satisfy the physical wants of man, with plenty to give to the few wandering poor, and plenty wherewith to welcome to his board the friend that comes to his gate. And, added to this, he has books to read, a weekly newspaper, a school for his children, a church in which to worship, and kind neighbors to take part in his joy, and gather about him in time of trouble. Such a man is sheltered from many of the wants and discontents of those that are richer than he, and secured from the wants and temptations of those that are poorer.

"Late last winter Mr. Lyman's daughter, Mrs. Brady, returned from Ohio, a widow with three children. Mrs. Brady and I were old friends. When we were young girls we went to the same district school, and we had always loved and respected one another. Neither she nor I thought it any reason why we should not, that she lived on a little farm, and in an old small house, and I in one of the best in the village; nor that she dressed in very common clothes, and that mine, being purchased in the city, were a little better and smarter than any bought in the country. It was not the bonnets and gowns we cared for, but the heads and hearts those bonnets and gowns covered.

"The very morning after Mrs. Brady's arrival in S —, her eldest son, Lyman, a boy ten years old, came to ask me to go and see his mother. 'Mother,' he said, 'was not very well, and wanted very much to see Miss S —.' So I went home with him. After walking half a mile along the road, I proposed getting over the fence and going, as we say in the country, 'cross lots.' So we got into the field, and pursued our way along the noisy little brook that, cutting Lyman's farm in two, winds its way do the hill, sometimes taking a jump of five or six feet, then murmuring over the stones, or playing round the bare roots of the old trees, as a child fondles about its parent, and finally steals off among the flowers it nourishes, the brilliant cardinals and snow-white clematis, till it mingles with the river that winds through our meadows. I would advise my young friends to choose the fields for their walks. Nature has always some-

thing in store for those who love her and seek her favors. You will be sure to see more birds in the green fields than on the roadside. Secure from the boys who may beidling along the road, ready to let fly stones at them, they rest longer on the perch, and feel more at home there. Then, as Lyman and I did, you will find many a familiar flower that, in these by-places, will look to you like the face of a friend; and you may chance to make a new acquaintance, and in that case you will take pleasure in picking it and carrying it home, and learning its name of some one wiser than you are. Most persons are curious to know the names of men and women whom they never saw before, and never may see again. This is idle curiosity; but often in learning the common name of a flower or plant, we learn something of its character or use; 'bitter-sweet,' 'devil's cream-pitcher,' or 'fever-bush,' for example.

"You like flowers, Lyman," I said as he scrambled up a rock to reach some pink columbines that grew from its crevices.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do like them," he said; 'but I am getting these for mother; she loves flowers above all things — all such sorts of things,' he added, with a smile.

"I remember very well," said I, 'your mother loved them when she was a little girl, and she and I once attended together some lectures on botany; that is, the science that describes plants and explains their nature.'

"Oh, I know, ma'am," said he, 'mother remembers all about it, and she has taught me a great deal she learned then. When we lived out in Ohio, I used to find her a great many flowers she never saw before; but she could class them, she said, though, they seemed like strangers, and she loved best the little flowers she had known at home, and those we used to plant about the door, and mother said she took comfort in them in the darkest times.'

"Dark times I knew my poor friend had had — much sickness, many deaths, many, many sorrows in her family; and I was thankful that she had continued to enjoy such a pleasure as flowers are to those that love them.

"As we approached Mrs. Lyman's, I looked for my friend, expecting she would come out to meet me, but I found she was not able to do so; and, when I saw her, I was struck with the thought that she would never living leave the house again. She was at first overcome at meeting me, but, after a few moments, she wiped away her tears and talked cheerfully. 'I hoped,' she said, 'my journey would have done me good, but I think it has been too much for me; I have so longed to get back to father's house, and to look over these hills once more; and though I am weak and sick, words can't tell how contented I feel; I sit in this chair and look out of this window, and feel as a hungry man sitting down to a full table. Look there,' she continued, pointing to a cherry-tree before the window, 'do you see that robin? ever since I can remember, every year a robin has had a nest in that tree. I used to write to father and inquire about it when I was gone; and when he wrote to me, in the season of bird-nesting, he always said something about the robins; so that this morning, when I heard the robin's note, it seemed to me like the voice of one of the family.'

"Have you taught your children, Mary," I asked, 'to love birds as well as flowers?'

"I believe it is natural to them," she replied; 'but I suppose they take more notice of them from seeing how much I love them. I have not had much to give my children, for we have had great disappointments in the new countries, and have been what are called very poor folks; so I have been more anxious to give them what little knowledge I had, and to make them feel that God has given them a portion in the birds and the flowers, his good and beautiful creation.'

"Mother always says," said Lyman; and there, seeming to remember that I was a stranger, he stopped. 'What does mother always say?' I asked.

"She says we can enjoy looking out upon beautiful prospects, and smelling the flowers, and hearing the birds sing, just as much as if we could say 'they are mine!'

"Well, is it not just so?" said Mrs. Lyman; 'has not our Father in heaven given his children a share in all his works? I often think, when I look out upon the beautiful sky, the clear moon, the stars, the sunset clouds, the dawning day; when I smell the fresh woods and the perfumed air; when I hear the birds sing, and my heart is glad, I think, after all, that there is not so much difference in the possessions of the rich and poor as some think; 'God giveth to us all liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

"Ah!" thought I, 'the Bible says truly, 'as a man thinketh, so is he.' Here is my friend, a widow and poor, and with a sickness that she well knows must end in death, and yet, instead of sorrowing and complaining, she is cheerful and enjoying those pleasures that all may enjoy if they will; for the kingdom of nature abounds with them. Mrs. Brady was a disciple of Christ; this was the foundation of her peace; but, alas! all the disciples of Christ do not cultivate her wise, cheerful, and grateful spirit.'

We trust that this little volume will be widely circulated among our young friends as a New-Year's Gift. Surely nothing could be more appropriate, or fruitful of good lessons. True, it is not embellished with pictures, nor does it gleam in purple and gold; but it 'has that *within* which passeth show.'

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. BY AN AMERICAN. Second Edition, with Additions. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have already noticed this work at large in these pages, accompanying our remarks with copious extracts. We have nothing to add to the praise which we bestowed upon the first edition of the book, save in regard to the *additions* which are here presented, and which are characterized by similar interest of topic, and freshness and originality of style, which the public have already so much admired. We are struck, in the added portions, with the many additional corroborations of the truth of Scripture history which they contain. The writer follows in the very footsteps of the Saviour. At Jacob's well, where Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman, our traveller would fain sit down. 'I could feel,' says he, 'and realize the whole scene. I could see our Saviour coming out from Judea, and travelling along this valley; I could see him, wearied with his journey, sitting down on this well to rest, and the Samaritan women, as I saw them at every town in the Holy Land, coming out for water. I could imagine his looking up to Mount Gerizim, and predicting the ruin of the temple, and telling her that the hour was coming when neither on that mountain nor yet in Jerusalem would she worship the God of her fathers. A large column lay across the top of the well, and the mouth was filled up with huge stones. I could see the water through the crevices; but, even with the assistance of Paul and the Arabs, found it impossible to remove them. I plucked a wild-flower growing in the mouth of the well, and passed on.' As he approached Sychar, the ancient Shechem, he saw a shepherd sitting on the bank of a beautiful stream, playing a reed pipe, with his flock feeding quietly around him; and outside the gate of the town, he beheld more than a dozen lepers, 'their faces shining, pimpled, and bloated, covered with sores and pustules, their nostrils open and filled with ulcers, and their red eyes fixed and staring. With swollen feet they dragged their disgusting bodies toward me, and with hoarse voices extended their deformed and hideous hands for charity.' He 'must needs go through Samaria,' also, where he learns, from an old Samaritan, that as cordial a hatred exists now as of old, between the Jews and Samaritans, they having no intercourse, save in the dealings of the market-place. 'I asked him,' says our author, 'about Jacob's well; he said he knew the place, and that he knew our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her; but that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink.'

At the ancient Samaria, whose destruction was foretold by the prophet Amos, and amid the ruins of the palace of Herod, our traveller thus ruminates: 'And Herod has gone, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and 'the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee' are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and—oh, what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness!—a fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace, knew not the name of the haughty Herod.' At the Lake of Genesareth, he exclaims: 'Christ walked upon that sea, and stilled the raging of its waters, and preached the tidings of salvation to the cities on its banks. But where are those cities now? Chorazin and Bethsaida, and thou too, Capernaum, that wast exalted unto heaven! The whole

lake is spread out before me, almost from where the Jordan enters, unto where that hallowed stream passes on to discharge its waters in the bituminous lake which covers the guilty cities; but there is no city, no habitation of man; all is still and quiet as the grave; save the miserable relic of the ancient Tiberias, standing on the very shore of the sea, a mere speck in the distance. Tyre, also, is thus described:

"On the extreme end of a long, low, sandy isthmus, which seems to have crawled out as far as it could, stands the fallen city of Tyre, seeming, at a distance, to rest on the bosom of the sea. A Turkish soldier was stationed at the gate. I entered under an arch, so low that it was necessary to stoop on the back of my horse, and passed through dark and narrow streets, sheltered by mats stretched over the bazaars from the scorching heat of a Syrian sun. A single fishing-boat was lying in the harbor of 'the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth.'

"I left the gate of Tyre between as honest a man and as great a rogue as the sun ever shone upon. The honest man was my old Arab, whom I kept with me in spite of his bad donkey; and the rogue was a limping, sore-eyed Arab, in an old and ragged suit of regimentals, whom I hired for two days to relieve the old man in whipping the donkeys. He was a dismissed soldier, turned out of Ibrahim Pacha's army as of no use whatever, than which there could not be a stronger certificate of worthlessness. He told me, however, that he had once been a man of property, and, like honest Dogberry, had had his losses; he had been worth sixty piastres, (nearly three dollars) with which he had come to live in the city, and been induced to embark in enterprises that had turned out unfortunately, and he had lost his all."

The reader will admire with us the quiet, oblique humor with which Mr. Stephens records many of the minor incidents of his journeyings. He learns, on rising in the morning, at Tiberias, that an European has arrived during the night. He hunts him up, and finds him to be a sporting English traveller, as 'indifferent' as SANDS' 'Mr. Green,' equipped with shooting-jacket, gun, dog, etc., — a regular old stager, 'who did not travel for scenery, associations, and all that, but who could tell every place where he had bagged a bird, from Damascus to the Sea of Galilee.' Again, and cordially, do we commend these volumes to our readers.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. To which are prefixed his Letters, and a Sketch of his Life. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. In two volumes. pp. 935. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Right pleased are we, in common, we doubt not, with the reading public at large in this country, to find the presses of the above-named eminent publishers groaning again under the burthen of 'good works.' Long may they live to print, and — so that their judgment and taste be as well exercised in the future as in the past — long may we live to read! The BROTHERS HARPER have been national benefactors; and, having sustained 'the pressure' with unfaltering credit, they may look forward into time, and see their names graven upon a thousand monuments of human intellect. Next to present success, we trust they regard this posthumous renown with becoming reverence and affection.

On looking over these volumes, we find them far more complete than we had anticipated. The 'Memoirs and Correspondence,' reviewed in our last number, do not fill even the first volume; and to these are added all the productions of 'Elia,' with many other essays, published letters, under assumed signatures, poems, sonnets, blank verse, album verses, dramatic efforts, etc., the whole forming a complete collection of the author's works, in a convenient form, and beautiful dress. Having already gone largely into the merits of the work, and presented copious extracts, we shall content ourselves with a few brief and desultory selections from the poetical department of the first volume.



From 'Lines Composed at Midnight,' we take the subjoined thrilling and graphic picture of one dying with consumption:

'Those are the moanings of the dying man,  
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,  
And interrupted only by a cough  
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.  
So in the bitterness of death he lies,  
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.  
What can that do for him, or what restore?  
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,  
And little images of pleasures past,  
Of health and active life — health not yet slain.'

\* \* \* 'On his tedious bed  
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,  
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says,  
'When night comes, I shall get a little rest.'  
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.'

We are sorely tempted to transcribe 'Angel-Help,' stanzas suggested by a drawing, in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint, who, having spun until past midnight, to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. But we pass to the annexed fragment, descriptive of a curse visited by a witch-beldame upon the child of a venerable baronet, who has repulsed her from his gate, while she is asking alms:

——— 'Some two months after,  
Young Philip Fairford suddenly fell sick,  
And none could tell what ailed him; for he lay  
And pined, and pined, till all his hair fell off,  
And he, that was full-fleshed, became as thin  
As a two-months' babe that has been starved in the nursing.'

\* \* \* 'And sure I think  
He bore his death-wound like a little child;  
With such rare sweetness of dumb melancholy,  
He strove to clothe his agony in smiles,  
Which he would force up in his poor pale cheeks,  
Like ill-timed guests, that had no proper dwelling there;  
And when they asked him his complaint, he laid  
His hand upon his heart, to show the place  
Where Susan came to him a-nights, he said,  
And pricked him with a pin:  
And thereupon, Sir Francis called to mind  
The beggar-witch that stood by the gateway,  
And begged an alms.'

'The Housekeeper,' one of those choice embellishments of common objects, for which Lamb was so remarkable, must close our extracts for the present:

'The frugal snail, with forecase of repose,  
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;  
Peeps out — and if there comes a shower of rain,  
Retreats to his small domicile again.  
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 't is well —  
He curls up in his sanctuary-shell.  
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay  
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter-day.  
Himself he boards and lodges, both invites  
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.  
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure  
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,  
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam —  
Knock when you will — he's sure to be at home.'

A fine and spirited engraving of 'Elia,' delving (by candle-light, as was ever his wont,) at the mines of the elder spirits of English literature, from the burin of Dick, gives additional attractions to these very handsome volumes.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

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MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES. — Most of our readers are aware of the recent arrival in this country of the Hon. Mr. BUCKINGHAM, late member of the British Parliament, and well known throughout Christendom as a distinguished oriental traveller, not less than for his untiring and successful efforts in relation to the East India monopoly. But for the general circulation of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's 'Address to the People of the United States,' we should avail ourselves of the very interesting narrative therein recorded, together with an 'Explanatory Report of the plan and object of his Lectures,' with which we have been favored, to present a sketch of his life, travels, and writings. Leaving this object, however, for future consideration, we pass to a brief and inadequate notice of the matter and manner of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's public efforts. His lectures on Egypt embrace detailed descriptions of its geography, climate, and productions; ancient cities of Lower Egypt; splendid monuments of Upper Egypt; its chief towns and population; its religion, manners, government, and trade. In the lectures on Palestine, the same objects were treated of, including a description of the ancient cities beyond and on this side Jordan, with all the chief towns of Modern Syria and Palestine. As may be inferred, this wide range of illustration, in the hands of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, was made interesting in no ordinary degree. Books of travel, in these countries, after all, appeal more to the imagination, in their sketches, than to immediate comprehension and understanding. It is not so with oral discourse. The speaker narrates what he 'saw, and part of which he was;' he expatiates with spirit and energy, his mind playing out its variations, or relevant episodes, unfettered, and inducing a delightful sensation of freshness and reality. Both as a writer and speaker, Mr. BUCKINGHAM evinces the possession of good natural and acquired parts. The important facts which he presents, are reflected by lucid images, and expressed with clearness and propriety of diction; while the copiousness of his varied information serves to expound the events or narratives of Scripture history, so as to leave no room for doubt or cavil, in the mind even of an infidel or skeptic. The audiences of the lecturer are overflowing; indeed, he seems to have taken that 'many-headed beast the town' completely by the horns; and we cannot doubt that a room as large as Masonic Hall would as soon overflow with hearers, as the hall of the 'Stuyvesant Institute,' or the chapel of the University. We are glad to perceive that he enters immediately upon his courses on Egypt and Palestine, at the Chatham-street Chapel, where there will be 'ample room and verge enough.' It is proper to add, that after traversing the length and breadth of America, it is Mr. BUCKINGHAM's intention 'to visit the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of investigating this barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; to make an excursion through Mexico; and from thence pass onward by the South Sea Islands to China; visit the Philippines and the Moluccas; go onward to Australia and Van Dieman's Land; continue from thence through the Indian Archipelago, by Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Malacca, to India; traverse the Peninsula of Hindostan, from the Ganges to the Indus, and return to Europe by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.' Judging from the indefatigable energy and enterprise of our traveller hitherto, there is little reason to doubt that these designs will all ultimately be accomplished.

THE PAST — THE PRESENT — AND THE FUTURE. — We marvel what the ancient editor of the BOSTON CENTINEL, (who erewhile chuckled so fervently over the fresh news, brought in seven days from Philadelphia,) would say, could he come back among the 'young folk' of the present era, and peruse a Report, now lying before us, of the Utica and Oswego Rail-road Company. What *would* he think, of arriving at New-Orleans within eight days after leaving New-York; taking in the mean time his accustomed sleep, and by pleasantly-alternating modes of travel, journeying through every variety of scenery! Yet this is to be accomplished, when that important link in the great chain of rail-way and steam-boat communication from the Atlantic to the lakes, and to the states and territories west — the Oswego and Utica Rail-road — shall have been completed, in connexion with the rail-way across the Canada peninsula, from the head of Lake Ontario, and the two lines of road across Michigan, the one from Detroit by the valley of the St. Josephs, and the other from Huron by Grand River, toward Milwaukee; all of which are now in progress, or under survey. And when the Oswego and Utica road is finished — and Nature seems to have anticipated its construction, and graded its path to the hands of its projectors — how will our citizens converse, through the 'air-pipes of this mighty whispering-gallery,' with the good people of New-Orleans, and the vast intervening inland, 'stretched beyond the sight!' How will the lakes and prairies of the west be brought a-nigh, and the roar of the Great Cataract become a familiar sound in our ears! The far-reaching west will pour its rich stores into the lap of the Empire City, as well as the wide, fertile, and populous region of the Upper Canadian country, bordering upon the western part of the St. Lawrence, and the great lakes. Again we cast our eyes onward to the future, with new longings to stand upon an exceeding high mountain, and to be gifted with uninterrupted vision, to look around and afar off, and see the distant brought near, and our magnificent domain on every hand threaded and seamed, under the 'iron-rule' of rail-road enterprise! Oh for the respectable longevity of Methusaleh, were it only to behold the future glory of 'our own, our native land!'

'SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.' — 'HOWARD,' (whose hand-writing is a deplorable scratch,) is informed that his communication is enclosed to his address, and left at the desk of the publication-office. In the mean time, we take the liberty of assuring him, that so far as we are able to form an opinion, from incidental comment, in an extensive private correspondence, and from the free converse of social intercourse, the article whose title heads this notice, published in the October number, has been received with decided approbation by all candid, reflecting minds; and if 'HOWARD' will peruse the late work of Mrs. GILMAN, of South Carolina, he will find the sentiments and statements which he condemns and disbelieves, fully sustained by one who has drawn, as did our contributor, from scenes of *real life* at the South, with a faithful pencil. Our demurring philanthropist is as hot as an old radish, and seems to burn with

'Thoughts too deep to be expressed,  
And too strong to be suppressed.'

He intimates, that not to be warm in such a cause as he has espoused, is to be frozen. Now we are quite unable to see an adequate cause for all this pudder. Has he ever resided at the South? We dare say, nay. Does he *know* that to be true, which he would *insinuate* as truth to our readers? Questionless, no — or his proofs would be forthcoming. This Magazine is not intended to be the medium of political, religious, or social wrangling; nor would it be fulfilling the purposes to which it is devoted, should the Editors permit 'HOWARD' to irritate a 'gangrene and running sore in the public mind,' by his intemperate crudity. We are not disposed to allow any amateur philanthropist to emulate, in our pages, the example of an experimental philosopher, of whom we have somewhere read, who was anxious to wager three-pence with any one of a large circle of by-standers, that he could perforate a keg of gunpowder, standing near him, with a red-hot iron, without endangering the contents, or the lives of the lookers-on!

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. — The 'Cry and Prayer against the Imprisonment of Small Children,' in the present number, will arrest the attention of parents, and instructors of youth. In reading Part Fifth of LOCKHART'S *Life of SCOTT*, we remark, in one of his letters to his son WALTER, the fervent expression of sentiments in entire unison with those of our correspondent upon this subject; and BULWER, in 'Ernest Maltravers,' embodies kindred views, in some sound and judicious remarks upon the education of the young. This over-tasking of immature intellects is exciting public attention, both abroad and at home. A work by a valued contributor to this Magazine, (A. BRIGHAM, M. D., of the New-York College of Physicians and Surgeons,) which treats of the abuse of the brain in children, was recently warmly commended in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and the positions of the writer enforced by unanswerable arguments adduced by the reviewer.

'ALL THE MOTHER!' — 'Will the Editors of the KNICKERBOCKER, by inserting in their Magazine the accompanying lines, confer a favor upon a bereaved mother, who mourns the loss of a dear infant-boy?' Thus reads the modest envelope which covered the subjoined most touching and beautiful stanzas. Tears, such as seem, in several places, to have blotted the mss., were in our eyes as we read them. Are they original? Certainly, we have never seen them before. Whether original or translated, let us hope that the lady from whom we have received them, will not hereafter withhold her talents or taste from our pages.

TO A DYING INFANT.

'Sleep, little baby! sleep!  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Not on thy mother's breast  
Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
But with the quiet dead.'

Yes! — with the quiet dead,  
Baby, thy rest shall be:  
Oh! many a weary wight,  
Wearied of life and light,  
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursing!  
Flee to thy grassy nest;  
There the first flowers shall blow,  
The first pure flake of snow  
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
Labors with short'ning breath;  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh —  
Those are the dumps of Death!

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
A thing all health and glee,  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful, as now,  
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

Thine up-turned eyes, glazed over,  
Like violets wet with dew;  
Already veiled and hid  
By the convulsed lid,  
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open —  
Thy soft lip quivering,  
As if (like summer air  
Ruffling the rose leaves) there  
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!  
Young spirit! haste, depart!  
And is this Death! — dread Thing!  
If such thy visiting,  
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever  
Upon that waxen face;  
So passionless! so pure!  
The little shrine was sure  
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!  
Ay, weep — 't will ease thine heart:  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one —  
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp, cold earth —  
His empty crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once glad some with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber  
His small mouth's rosy kiss;  
Then, wakened with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,  
Till mem'ry on thy soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night,  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling —  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!  
In after years, look back  
(Time brings such wondrous casing,)  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say: 'My first-born blessing!  
It almost broke my heart  
When thou wert forced to go,  
And yet, for thee, I know  
'T was better to depart.

'God took thee in his mercy,  
A lamb, untask'd, untried;  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified.

'I look around and see  
The evil ways of men;  
And oh! beloved child!  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

'The little arms that clasped me,  
The innocent lips that prest —  
Would they have been as pure  
Till now, as when of yore,  
I lull'd thee on my breast!

'Now (like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone)  
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the Source of Love,  
The Everlasting One!

'And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me.'

THE MAJESTY OF THE HEAVENS. — We have received from the eminent philosopher, Dr. DICK, of Scotland, but too late for insertion in the present number, an original article, written for our pages, upon the subject of certain celestial phenomena. Our readers are not ignorant of this distinguished author's comprehensive grasp of mind, and the depth and variety of his mental resources. In anticipating, therefore, a rich treat from his pen, they will run no risk of disappointment. 'Great spirits ask great play-room;' and in the present instance, we are almost overpowered with the extent and majesty of the philosopher's field of thought and vision. We say overpowered; for it is no easy task, after following such a writer as Dr. DICK along the 'pathway of the skies,' and amid the countless worlds that revolve in space, to bring one's imagination down to strait-lacing, mundane actuality. The soul is lifted to the Power that spread out the heavens like a curtain, and makes the clouds his pavilion; and is prompted to exclaim in the sublime language of a poet too little known to the world:

——— 'Come, when still night  
Hath silenced the loud hum of wakeful hours,  
And the lone pulses beat, as if it were  
The general pulse of nature; then, with eye  
Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look  
From world to world! \* \* \*  
How, with its vast and bright diameter,  
The proudest of the planets seems afar  
Diminish'd to a point! Yet there, perchance,  
Are cities with gay spires and towers, above  
The pitch of earthly mountains; still beyond —  
At sumless distances, and thicker far  
Than all earth's living myriads — *hosts of suns*  
*Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched,*  
*Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven,*  
*With their attendant spheres.* They are the same  
Enduring constellations seen by them,  
Your sires, before the flood; still fixed serene  
O'er yon ethereal vault, that lifts itself  
In distant grandeur. 'Tis the ancient dome  
Of God's most durable fabric: far beneath  
Crowned with her populous kingdoms, Earth revolves,  
An atom in the host of worlds!

The article in question will form the first original paper in the KNICKERBOCKER for February.

DINNER TO MR. FORREST. — The dinner recently given to Mr. FORREST, by his native city, is pronounced to have been 'one of the most splendid ever had in Brotherly Love.' Hon. J. R. INGERSOLL presided; and, after the cloth was removed, addressed the company on the occasion of their meeting, and gave a toast complimentary to Mr. FORREST, who 'returned his grateful and moving thanks, in an address, whose power and effect,' it has been said, 'cannot well be conceived by any description with pen and ink. It rehearsed his career from his boyish days to the present time, with the brevity of a modest pride, but with the emotions of a generous heart. Briefly recounting his successes abroad, he said these latter honors had not so high a claim upon his gratitude as those which the citizens of his native Philadelphia had previously conferred upon him, in generous anticipation of future deservings. The whole address was fraught with that truest eloquence, whose source and fountain is the heart. The grace of the actor mingled with the emotion of the man, in happy and unstudied combination.' Many of the most eminent citizens of Philadelphia were among the large concourse who assembled to do honor to one who, both professionally and as an American gentleman, has reflected honor upon himself and his country, abroad as well as at home.

#### THE DRAMA.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — Mademoiselle AUGUSTA, the graceful, brilliant and fascinating AUGUSTA, and the almost equally charming Miss TURPIN, have been the bright particular stars, since Mr. Vandenhoff bade us a temporary adieu, after his masterly personation of Sir Giles Overreach. The ever attractive La Bayadere, got up with liberality and good taste, worthy of all praise, was repeated many a time and oft, to full and sometimes crowded houses. Mr. MORLEY's 'Olifour' was more than respectable; and he is right, we think, in making the old judge less feeble and decrepid than Richings presents him, yet the latter is our favorite in this character. We scarcely know whether to prefer HORNCastle or JONES in 'The Unknown.' Jones sings sweetly, but of all moving automatons, he is the least lovely to look upon. The chief new features in the opera, however, are Miss Turpin, in the singing Bayadere, the full and effective choruses, and the dancing girls of the ballet. It is the best looking and best acting vocal company we have ever had on the stage. Of Augusta it is superfluous to speak. It is not her magnificent dancing alone, that pleases; it is her graceful agility, united with lady-like modesty and good taste in every movement, which wins golden opinions from all sorts of people. And how expressive are her beautiful and classic features in the pantomime! One scarcely believes, on hearing her 'Two Words' in the little piece of that name, that she has not spoken before.

The ballet and pantomime of 'La Somnambulé,' from which the opera of that name was taken, has also been successfully produced. It was first acted for Augusta's benefit, the fair *danseuse* in the part of Amina. The incidents are much the same as those of the opera, and the story was as well told as it could be by mere gesture; some of it indeed was admirable. Yet pantomime is better suited to the French, who are so peculiarly a people of gestures. We like rather to have the poetry of motion and poetry of sound united.

Touching the other performances of the month, we have barely space to allude to a few of them. The 'Old English Gentleman' is one of the best pieces we ever saw performed; well written — admirably acted — quiet and natural, with no clap-trap or startling incident, yet enlisting your interest to the last. The park scenery, the lawn, and mansion in the distance, are beautifully represented. Mr. J. W. WALLACK has given us specimens of rare excellence in acting, in his character of Rattle, in 'Spring and Autumn,' Rolla, Erasmus Book-worm, 'The Scholar,' Don Felix in 'The Wonder,' and Master Walter, 'The Hunchback.' In short, without curtailing 'farther particulars,' we would honestly commend to our readers the sterling drama in its purest form, as well as the rich musical attractions, at the National Theatre.

So much for cordial and unqualified praise, and the *per contra* balance is small. One hint, however, we would venture, and that is, that for the future the buffoonries of Jim Crow and 'Bone Squash Diavolo' be abolished. A little of the *song*, occasionally, as an interlude, is well enough, but *au reste*, let it be dispensed with. This we think is the verdict of the public, however uproarious may be the groundlings and the gallery, in favor of those *elegant* entertainments.

PARK THEATRE — MR. FORREST. — This gentleman's last engagement has not, we are sorry to say, added to his reputation. A round of arduous characters has presented Mr. FORREST to his audiences with all those defects in his personations which have ever attended his attempts of Shakspeare. 'Othello,' of all Mr. Forrest's Shakspearean delineations, is the least objectionable; yet even this is only an exhibition of the *man* 'Othello,' without the mind. His gesture, voice, and emphasis are generally good; but there is not the *spiritual* expression of the character at all. The genius, the soul, is wanting. He looks as Othello might have looked; he uses the same words; but he does not speak as Othello should speak; he does not shadow forth the inward construction of his mind, 'with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love;' he does not do this, simply because he does not, and perhaps cannot, identify himself with the genius and spirit of the past. In the expression of jealousy, the great plague-spot which taints the whole of Othello's conduct, Mr. Forrest moulds his face into a distortion, the meaning of which we defy any living physiognomist to decipher. Is it rage, hatred, malice, envy, separate or conjoined? Or is it the unmeaning twisting of the muscles, which a mountebank or a madman could equally well effect? Whatever it may be meant to be, it is no more an expression of jealousy than of joy. It seems something borrowed from Bedlam; 'full of fury, and signifying nothing.'

When dressed for 'Lear,' Mr. Forrest's face, garments, and 'tout ensemble' are truly and effectively 'got up;' and as he stands, a painter might choose him for a model of the ill-judging king, provided he had genius enough himself to conceive his true expression. But his acting of the character is physically and morally false. Lear has declined into the vale of years, and it is his infirmities, as much as his paternal affection, which induce the wish for retirement. He leaves the throne, because he feels the infirmities of age upon him, and because, he desires that the evening of his life may pass quietly away, and give rest and peace to his venerable decline. Now in Mr. Forrest's delineation of this time-worn man, one would imagine that the animal strength of boyhood had rejuvenated the palsied limbs of fourscore years, or that a frolicsome youth had donned his grand-papa's wig and cane, and was giving a boisterous imitation of the old gentleman's squeaking treble, accompanied by a sturdy copy of the debilitated movements of his 'most weak hams.' Lear could never utter the curse upon his daughters as Mr. Forrest persists in giving it; or, if he *could* have called back the strong and healthy lungs of his youth, and collected every bodily energy for the withering effort, and made it, it would have been his last effort — his dying speech; and the play might end there, for any personal aid which the principal character could, in his material substance, have given it afterward. 'The greatness of Lear,' says CHARLES LAMB, 'is not in corporeal dimensions, but in intellectual. The explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano. They are storms, turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is *his mind* which is laid bare. The case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it.' It is not in the curse alone, but throughout the play, that we see the great physical force of Mr. FORREST predominating over all the spiritual qualities which should be exhibited. The genius of the character seems forgotten; probability is outraged; and instead of the old, injured, imbecile father, unable to draw even sympathy from his daughters, we see a stern, sinewy, implacable giant, with a white beard, possessing bone, muscle, and all sorts of physical energy, enough to pulverize his daughters, and 'drive their subjects before him like a flock of wild geese.'



MRS. SHAW.—Few who had the pleasure of seeing her, can have forgotten Mrs. SHAW, who made her first appearance in this country at the Park some year or two since. Returned from a western and southern tour, she has, during the past month, reappeared at this house, and ably sustained her favorite characters. As 'Julia,' in the 'Hunchback,' 'Desdemona,' 'Cordelia' in tragedy, 'Christine' in the 'Youthful Queen,' and other personations, quite as difficult and as varied, she has maintained the good impression which her first engagement so justly created. With a very agreeable person, a perfect knowledge of stage business, a round, rich, and full voice, although sometimes monotonous, Mrs. SHAW has intellectual talents well worthy of the profession which she adorns. Unlike most of those who have gone the circuit of the western and southern theatres, she has returned with a good taste, unadulterated by the pernicious cant and fustian clap-trap, which is so much admired in the back woods of Kentucky, and prevails more or less through all the western theatres. Mrs. SHAW's manner is chaste and subdued. She is never betrayed into those indecent, passion-tearing, pocket-handkerchief enormities, in which some of our popular actresses so effectively indulge. Where real talent exists, these availables of the 'rough and tumble school' are justly despised; and it is only a consciousness of the lack of legitimate power, which can ever induce a performer to make use of them. Mrs. Shaw would be a most valuable addition to the stock company of the Park, which in the ladies' as well as the gentlemen's department, is yet sadly deficient. With the exception of Mrs. WHEATLEY, and Mrs. VERNON, there is not now at this house a lady performer worth listening to. Mrs. RICHARDSON has been for some time indisposed, but we hope will soon be enabled to appear with all her well-remembered power. Miss CUSHMAN is sometimes effective, and natural; always sprightly in farce; and, strange to say, not the worst Lady Macbeth in the world; but she will be guilty of the enormity of pantaloons. Mrs. SHAW would fill a great vacancy, and we sincerely hope, for the honor of Old Drury, that she may make her own terms, and that they may be accepted.

MADAME LECOMPTE, a *danseuse* of considerable celebrity, has greatly increased the attractions of the past month. Both as a dancer and pantomime, Madame LECOMPTE has almost turned the heads of the good people. There is more skill and greater agility, more physical power and steady confidence, in all the many evolutions of this artiste, than has ever before been witnessed on the American stage. In 'La Bayadere' and the 'Fenella' of 'Massaniello,' she has won great applause, and the dollars, of large and delighted audiences.

'AMERICAN THEATRE,' BOWERY. — The past month has again afforded us an opportunity of seeing Mr. BOOTH in some of his principal characters; and as usual, we must award him liberal praise for the admirable manner in which his personations, throughout his engagement, were sustained. We have so recently spoken of the performances of this gentleman, that it is unnecessary to go into detail in this place. We cannot forbear adverting, however, to his 'Sir Giles Overreach,' as recently presented, in terms of pointed laud. Who that heard and saw him in this part, will ever forget the scene where, in reply to 'Wellborn's' charge of indebtedness, seconded by 'Lady Allworth,' he exclaims, with a look of condensed passion and bitterness:

— 'Good, good! Conspire  
With your new husband, lady; second him  
In his dishonest practises; but when  
This manor is extended to my use,  
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.'

'Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give  
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out  
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear  
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of  
Thy ears to the pillory —' etc.



And, as the 'fair skin of parchment' is disclosed to his astonished gaze, his impassioned cry:

'I am overwhelmed with wonder!  
What prodigy is this! What subtle devil  
Hath razed out the inscription? The wax  
Turned into dust!'

From henceforward to the end of the play, is one continued exhibition of triumphant genius; and the total abandonment of the actor to the spirit of the author; his avoidance of that low trickery which appeals alone to the eye and ear; drew down deserved plaudits, loud and long.

'The Frost-Spirit and Sun-God,' recently produced at this establishment, far exceeds, as a scenic and mechanical spectacle, any thing of the kind heretofore presented. The excellent manager, Mr. DINNERFORD, was very properly called out, and justly complimented upon the entire success of the piece.

OBSERVATIONS ON ELECTRICITY AND 'LOOMING.' — We invite attention to the first paper in the present number, upon the subjects of Electricity, and the phenomenon of 'Looming.' The article of which it forms a part, came to us through the hands of an esteemed friend, who was himself greatly interested in the subjects treated of; and our readers will share the pleasure which the author's reluctant permission to insert it in our pages has afforded us. To the correctness of the facts therein stated, we can ourselves bear decided testimony. We have often encountered those 'moving bodies of warm air,' and always during such a state of the atmosphere as is described by the writer. The peculiarities of 'looming,' as here recorded, are doubtless familiar to our readers on the Atlantic sea-board, and along the shores of the great western lakes; and that the theory of their cause, here advanced, is the true one, we entertain no doubt. We invite particular attention to the terseness and clearness of the language in which these 'Observations' are conveyed to the reader. It will be seen that the writer comprehends what he intends to say in a few words, and those which are most expressive. We refer to this, because a style thus simple, is a great *desideratum* with many writers upon scientific topics, who too commonly indulge in dry and barren explanations, and adopt unintelligible nomenclature, instead of coming directly to the point, with 'all plainness of speech.'

The next and concluding number of these 'Observations,' which will be given in the KNICKERBOCKER for February, will be devoted to a consideration of the transmission of sound through the air, and a theory of thunder-showers and of west and north-west winds. The deductions of the author, in support of his positions, are fortified both by experience, and the concurrent testimony of some of the soundest minds in this country. It is proper to add, that the entire article in question was written some years since, and that its facts have been confirmed by repeated observation of corroborative phenomena; placing the truth of the theories advanced, beyond the reach of doubt.

'MAD DOG! — MAD DOG!' — Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN has published a small pamphlet, intitled 'A Treatise on Hydrophobia, taken from the MSS. of a late eminent physician, to which is added an INFALLIBLE REMEDY, both as a Preventative, (where is the word 'preventative' to be found?) and in confirmed cases. By HENRY HUGHES, H. M. First Royal Regt., Montreal.' In 1821, if we remember rightly, a New-York physician was notoriously sanguine in relation to the effects of the *scutellaria laterifolia*, in the relief of this dreadful disorder. A thousand cases were declared to have been effected by it; yet it had no more real or lasting effect than *anasellis*, so much boasted of at an earlier period, and *alisma plantago*, afterward held as a certain cure. They all finally grew out of repute; and we fear such will be the fate of the present 'infallible remedy.' But the medicine should never be left *untried*, in any confirmed case of hydrophobia.

THE KNICKERBOCKERS. — Never-to-be-forgotten name! Who that sat down to the sumptuous dinner and intellectual feast given and enjoyed at the late anniversary of the Society of good Saint Nicholas, at DELMONICO's, but must needs glory in belonging to this ancient and honorable family! What were the old portraits of the departed Dutch fathers, which ornamented the banqueting-hall — what the sour-kROUT, the oily-köeks, the 'crisp and crumbling krullers,' under which the table groaned — to the spiritual banquet; the letters from absent members, and distinguished guests invited; the toasts, the songs; the rich and matter-full speech of the president; the general hilarity? Verily, had not the daily journals, with that pestilent *hurry* which characterizes these latter days, long ago given the details of this anniversary to the world, we should be tempted to embalm them in these pages; but 'express mails' and rail-roads have made them, ere now, familiar to newspaper-readers, in every quarter of the land; and we would fain avoid being the organ of disseminating 'Johnny Thompson's news.' We annex, however, the letter of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, which, in several of our daily papers, was sadly marred in the printing. It was read with great feeling by the President, and received with the profoundest emotion:

'EERWAARDIGE HEER: Als gy een pypji hebt om te rooken ik zende u met dese kort brief het. Algemeen Handels blad om te lezen. Ik kan niet middag mit u eeten om dat oezzer Hollandishe Koninginne is overleden maar ik zende u. 'Eer dracht maakt macht.' Ik bly ve u getrouw vriend,  
'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.'

Success and long life to the ancient Society of SAINT NICHOLAS!

TO PUBLISHERS, READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Notices of the following works, although in type, have been unavoidably omitted with the 'Literary Record' department of the present number: 'Constance Latimer,' by Mrs. EMEURY; 'Never Despair,' by Prof. BOKUM; 'City of the Sultan,' by Miss PARDOE; 'The Duke of Monmouth,' a Novel; 'Tales from the German,' by NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq.; 'The Clock-Maker,' CAREY on Wealth; WAYLAND's 'Political Economy'; 'The Tourist in Europe,' 'Advent: a Mystery,' 'Recollections of a Southern Matron,' ADAMS' 'Elements of Moral Philosophy,' WYSE on Education; 'The Old Commodore; FOSTER's Counting-House Manual; and a new 'History of Rome.' Beside a good variety of amusing and entertaining articles, 'Original Letters from an American Abroad,' 'Ollapodiana,' etc., the following papers, of a more solid character, are filed for insertion: 'American Antiquities,' Number Five; 'A Few Plain Thoughts on Phrenology,' and 'Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities.' Number Two of the 'Intercepted Letters from a Sensitive Briton,' will appear in the February number; together with an exciting document of the 'olden time,' in the shape of an original journal of 'eight years' hard fighting during the war for our independence,' in the hand-writing of that gallant officer, MAJOR ALLAN M'LANE, father of the Hon. LOUIS M'LANE, and an original poem from JOHN GALT, Esq., of Scotland. Our readers will be glad to hear again from their old favorite, the author of the 'Cruise of a Guineaman,' 'The Mutiny,' etc. The 'Letters from Rome,' are respectfully declined. They are evidently intended as imitations of the admirable 'Palmyra Letters,' and as such, are worse, if possible — and this is supposing an extreme case — than the 'Conclusion of Ernest Maltravers,' which some one of the inferior scribblers, who has no occasion to envy the mule for his redundancy of ear, has been palming upon this community, (through the mistaken courtesy of our worthy weekly contemporary, the 'MIRROR,') as a genuine production of the author of 'Pelham!' Mr. BULWER, it is scarcely necessary to say, has never written an original article for any American periodical, save the two which were placed in type from his MSS., for the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. 'Stanzas for Christmas' are certainly clever lines, but they are marred by a little cacophany, toward the close. Moreover, 'H. D. C.' will find the scenes he has chosen for illustration much better described in the 'Visit of St. Nicholas,' written several years since, by CLEMENT C. MOORE, of this city, and still circulated every season, about Christmas-time, in all the newspapers, far and near.